

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 28, 1914.

Summary of the News

The statement issued by Justice Lamar on Tuesday sums up fairly accurately the status of the Mexican mediation proceedings: "We have begun to discuss the terms and details of a plan of pacification. On a number of them we find ourselves in substantial agreement. Others are still under discussion, and as to them there has been no disagreement." The most vital part of the statement is in the last sentence: so long as active disagreement is avoided there are good grounds to hope for a favorable settlement. The crux of the matter is the land question, it being understood that the American delegates are instructed to insist on a guarantee in some form that the land system will be reorganized. A statement on the matter was expected from the Mexican delegates on Tuesday, but at the last minute the information was given out that they considered it would be unwise at the present juncture to issue any statement. Efforts were made last week to induce Gen. Carranza to participate in the mediation proceedings, but without result, although it is stated that at Washington some hope is still expressed that he may eventually join in the negotiations.

The Constitutionalists advanced another step towards Mexico City by the capture of Saltillo on May 20. The Federal garrison of 10,000 men, under Gen. Maas and Gen. De Moure, evacuated the city and retreated towards San Luis Potosi. Villa's forces have not followed up the retreating Federals, but are preparing to attack Zacatecas. Admiral Badger has reported that a large Constitutional force has also landed in Vera Cruz state, and it is understood that another force is marching south from Tuxpan. These movements are thought to be preparatory to a general advance on Mexico City, and also for the purpose of cutting off Huerta's retreat from the city to Vera Cruz. Huerta's position is rendered the more precarious in that Zapata, the rebel leader, is at Cuernavaca, within striking distance of Mexico City, and has with him a force sufficiently large to block the railway to Puerto Mexico.

Since Col. Roosevelt's return from South America the air has been full of rumors concerning his future political activities. The report that he would accept the nomination for Governor of New York State has been disposed of by his own emphatic denials, and speculation since then has concentrated on the Presidential prospects for 1916. There has been much talk of a reunion of the Republicans and Progressives, but the Progressive attitude does not appear to be particularly conciliatory, if we may judge by the dictum of Representative Hinebaugh, of Illinois, chairman of the Progressive Congression-

al committee: "The Progressive party will nominate Mr. Roosevelt as its Presidential candidate in 1916. If the Progressives of the Republican party are in control of that organization they will endorse Mr. Roosevelt."

The jury in the second trial of Charles Becker, the New York police lieutenant, who was charged with having instigated the murder of the gambler Rosenthal on July 16, 1912, returned a verdict of guilty. The case will again be appealed.

We comment in our financial columns on the testimony of Mr. Mellen in the New Haven investigation, in the course of which he gave evidence indicating that the late J. P. Morgan concealed from him, the president of the company, facts which he should have known. A statement was issued by Mr. Morgan on Monday denying Mr. Mellen's charges and explaining the part which his father had played in the affairs of the New Haven.

A statement made by Mr. Asquith in the House of Commons on Monday dispelled the impression which has gained ground recently that Great Britain would reconsider her decision not to be officially represented at the San Francisco Exposition. The Premier declared that in view of the representations made by a deputation of members of Parliament on May 5 the Government had carefully reconsidered the question, but had come to the conclusion that it must adhere to its original determination.

The past week has seen remarkable demonstrations of militant hysteria in England. On Thursday of last week a ridiculous attempt to force a way into Buckingham Palace resulted in the arrest of several of the women, including Mrs. Pankhurst and her daughter, Sylvia. In retaliation for this more pictures were slashed in the National Gallery and at the Royal Academy, and a demonstration was made at a theatre where the King and Queen were attending a performance. On several recent occasions only the efficiency of the police has saved the women from severe treatment at the hands of the public.

The week has been a stormy one in the House of Commons, in which the final stages of the Home Rule debate have been enacted. On Thursday of last week the session was adjourned by the Speaker, on account of the uproar created by the rank and file of the Unionist party, who were incensed by Mr. Asquith's refusal to disclose the terms of the bill amending the Home Rule bill, which he had undertaken to introduce. On Monday the final reading of the Home Rule bill was passed by a majority of 77 without debate, Mr. Bonar Law refusing to take part in what he characterized as "a contemptible farce." Mr. Asquith, at the Speaker's request, informed the House as to the Government's plans for the amendment bill. Failing any agreement at the time of the in-

troduction of the Home Rule bill in the House of Lords, he said, the amending bill would embody in substance the proposals outlined by him on March 9 for the partial exclusion of Ulster. As we write, no disturbances have taken place in Ireland, but the situation is tense, and there is a general feeling of anxiety as to what the effect of the passage of the bill will be.

Two seats have been gained by the Unionists at by-elections recently. On May 20 the interposition of a labor candidate caused the defeat of the Liberal at northeast Derbyshire; and on May 23 Mr. Masterman, who was recently promoted from Financial Secretary to the Treasury to a seat in the Cabinet as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, was defeated at Ipswich by a plurality of 532.

The source from which the British Admiralty will obtain the oil for use as fuel on its new battleships, concerning which Mr. Winston Churchill has been frequently questioned, became known last week. The Admiralty proposes to obtain control of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, which has a concession for nearly the whole of Persia. Parliament will be asked to subscribe for the purpose \$110,000,000 of new capital.

The Swedish Defence bill, which was the cause of the resignation of the last Government, was introduced in the Riksdag on May 23. It provides for an extension of the term of military service and for the construction of eight new battleships and sixteen destroyers, to pay for which there will be a special levy of \$20,800,000.

The difficulties of Prince William of Wied, the new Mpret of Albania, with his turbulent subjects are multiplying. Following his resignation as Minister of War, Essad Pasha was accused of being at the head of a revolt against the Mpret and was banished, sailing on Wednesday of last week on an Italian steamship for Brindisi. His deportation was the signal for a revolt on the part of his followers, who prepared to attack Durazzo, after defeating a force of Government troops. The Mpret and his family took refuge on an Italian warship on Friday, but returned to the palace on the following day on the insurgents requesting permission to present a petition. The International Committee of Control is attempting to treat with the insurgents with a view to adjusting matters, but the position of the Mpret is regarded as unstable.

The deaths of the week include: William Aldis Wright, May 19; Lieut.-Col. Carlile P. Porter, Dr. Stephen Townsend, May 20; Rudolf Tombo, jr., Sir Francis Henry Laking, May 21; Sir Thomas C. Rayner, May 22; Senator William O'Connell Bradley, May 23; Gen. Clinton Dugald MacDougall, Rev. Jerome Daugherty, May 24; Francis Kossuth, Charles Goodwin Bennett, Sir Francis Flint Belsey, May 25; Jacob A. Riis, May 26.

The Week

The Wilson Administration has been attacked, and not without some justice, for its lack of intelligent and exact information about Mexican affairs. But in one matter it has not been misled. This is the part which the land question has played in recent Mexican revolutions. Madero put it in the forefront of his grievances, and had it on his programme of reforms after he had turned out Porfirio Diaz. That Madero failed miserably in satisfying the hopes he aroused, does not alter the fact that those hopes existed, and still exist, and that some attempt will have to be made to meet the demands for a breaking-up of the large semi-feudal estates in Mexico. Nevertheless, it is impossible to read the President's entire interview on the Mexican question, in last week's *Saturday Evening Post*, without doubts of his wisdom in giving it. He has declined to speak on Decoration Day, on the sensible plea that this is no time for him to be discussing in public the matters on which he would be expected to touch. And in his unburdening of his heart about Mexico, he gave occasion for his friends to pause as well as to admire. They might well fear that, at times, he was dealing with words rather than realities. Yet no one can fail to perceive, if not to applaud, the fine idealism of the man. In putting first the motives of justice and sympathy in our attitude towards a much-suffering people, he has indicated a policy and raised a standard of the highest honor both to himself and to his country.

Interest in the Supreme Court's decision on Monday regarding charges made by railways for carrying freight over "tap lines" connecting industrial plants with the railway's own line, arises chiefly from the bearing of the decision on the Interstate Commerce Commission's conclusion in the rate case. The Commission last January ruled that "pro-rating" transportation charges over such connecting lines was unlawful, because delivery to such a line was delivery to the industrial plant with which it connected. On this ground, it had been recognized as possible that the Commission might reckon the savings, made through abolition of such special charges, as part of the grant of needed

increase in railway revenue. The Supreme Court, however, declares of certain "tap lines," which were parties to an older suit, that they are really common carriers, and as much entitled to "pro-rating," on through freight, as any other connecting railway. But it is not at all clear how far this decision will apply to the "tap lines" discussed by the Commission last January. Commissioner Harlan's opinion, in that matter, pointed out that some of the connecting lines in question had no locomotives of their own, and that transportation was supplied by the railways; that in others, the industrial line owned no physical property at all, but that the railway over which the freight of the industry passed performed free of charge the service on the "tap line." Apparently, the character and actual ownership of the "tap-line" and its equipment are still pertinent considerations; and the Supreme Court's opinion is careful to point out that the right and duty remain to the Commission of determining if, under the circumstances of any given cases, "the divisions of joint rates are such as to amount to rebates or discriminations."

Although Representative Henry declared last week that the anti-Trust bills would be so amended as completely to exempt labor unions from their operation, he admitted that he was not authorized to speak for the President on that subject. But Mr. Wilson could not, without stultifying himself, sign any bill containing such an amendment. Indeed, the positive statement comes from Washington that the President has notified the American Federation of Labor that he should be compelled to veto the anti-Trust bills if the clauses giving labor unions immunity should be written into them. But Gompers and the other labor leaders are to keep up their fight in Congress. They can, no doubt, make a great deal of trouble; and there will be much demagoguery and dodging and insincerity on the part of members coming up so soon for reelection. But so long as the President stands firm for the principle, the mischief cannot be done. It would be a thing partly tragic, partly comic, if the bills outlawing vicious practices by corporations and bankers and railways had to be vetoed because the labor unions

had insisted upon their right to be allowed to indulge in those vicious practices!

The death of Senator Bradley leaves vacant a seat that in all probability would in any case have been filled by a Democrat after the fourth of next March. Bradley was elected to the Senate by a Legislature that had a Democratic majority of eight, a fact that attests at once the relative state of harmony in the two parties in Kentucky in 1908, and his personal popularity. He was a picturesque figure, but it is the political aspect of his death that is of national significance. Even if he had no immediate successor, the Administration forces would be strengthened upon the one measure that is to some extent dividing parties in the Senate, for Bradley was vigorously opposed to the repeal of the tolls-exemption clause. But Kentucky has been forehanded enough, it appears, to pass a law since the adoption of the Seventeenth Amendment continuing the power of the Governor to fill Senatorial vacancies temporarily. Consequently, we may expect the prompt appointment of a Democrat to take the place of almost the only Republican that Kentucky ever sent to the Senate. Nor is it likely that the Democrats will lose the seat thus gained in the popular election this autumn.

The Hon. Joseph G. Cannon fell into his old habit last week of announcing his candidacy for Congress. It has been a trifle of forty years since he began this practice, and only twice in that time has he failed of election. Age cannot wither, nor custom stale, his hankering. But his latest announcement will be received as significant of something more than the assertion of an old habit. It is evident that all the post-mortems that have been held over the Republican party have not convinced him, any more than they have convinced Penrose or Lorimer or Barnes, that the breath is out of its body. Accustomed to smell the battle afar off, these discredited but not discouraged chiefs are beginning to put on their armor, as if the conflict were to be between them and their hereditary foe instead of between that foe and the infant prodigy, the Progressive party. And if returns from primaries and elections of one sort

and another count for anything, the Danville Representative has an excellent fighting chance of returning to his familiar post. Despite a Progressive defection in his district which drew away a third of the Republican vote, he lost his seat in 1912 by less than 800 votes. The return of one-tenth of the Progressives to the Republican ranks would be sufficient to reelect the former Speaker, and in almost every test since 1912 a far larger proportion of Progressives than this has rejoined the Republican forces.

The victory of Senator Penrose in the Republican primary is not surprising, although the increase in the Republican registration, with the corresponding falling off in that of the Progressives, gave hope that he might be defeated by the return of the latter to their former fold. His majority was more than double that by which Roosevelt carried the Presidential primaries over Taft. At the same time, he was evidently cut by a large number of Republicans, as the vote for Brumbaugh for Governor exceeded his by 40,000 or more. The result is to be ascribed to excellent organization, the lack of an opponent of popular appeal, and the inherent tendency of a Pennsylvania Republican to vote for the regular as against the insurgent. On the face of the election figures of 1912, Penrose's chances in the election are nil. Roosevelt had a plurality of 50,000 over Wilson, and Wilson was ahead of Taft by 120,000. It is hard to see how any voter who balked at Taft could swallow Penrose. But there is no underestimating the force of the protection cry in Pennsylvania, and neither Representative Palmer nor Mr. Pinchot will be certain of defeating their discredited opponent in advance.

It ought not to be necessary to warn intelligent persons that the stories now being so industriously circulated about the militia outrages in Colorado are to be viewed with the utmost skepticism. In regard to the chief accusation, that of the wanton slaughter, and worse than slaughter, of women and children in the Ludlow camp, there is no reason to believe that there is a shred of truth in it. In some cases, the form the story takes is in itself sufficient to stamp it as the result of cumulative distortions of

the truth by excited or hysterical narrators. Speaking to Senators Kern, Kenyon, and Martine, says a Washington dispatch, "Mrs. Jolly and Mrs. Thomas declared that mine guards were seen pouring oil on tents in which women and children were sleeping, and later setting fire to the oil-soaked tents." The women and children were not "sleeping in tents," but were hidden in a covered pit under one of them; there is no reason to suppose that the militia had any suspicion that they were there at all. If Mrs. Jolly and Mrs. Thomas, who "acted as nurses after the conflict," are actually spreading this story, it only shows that a person may be very good and kind without having either sound judgment or a well-developed sense of responsibility.

The recent statement by David Jayne Hill that "diplomacy has a technique not only as important as that of the law, but one more complicated and more difficult to acquire," is in line with the proposals made by another ex-Ambassador. Curtis Guild's plan for a diplomatic training school, similar in administration to West Point and Annapolis, may be impracticable; but it rests on a conception of diplomacy as a profession. None are more anxious to have it put on that plane than those who have themselves served in high positions abroad. Originated, as Mr. Guild says, in conference with President Lowell of Harvard, his plan implies that not only ability is wanted, but peculiar training, with a basis of foreign languages and technical knowledge. The fact that the regular promotion of Consuls serves much the same end may be an argument against a special Government school; it is anything but an argument against the view that young men should be encouraged to fit themselves to enter the foreign service, confident of continuance and promotion by merit.

The tendency to ride a free horse to death is exemplified in the demands that are made upon public libraries, or rather public librarians, as bureaus of general information. The woman who requests a recipe for "strudel küchen" is followed by one who wants "books for my husband to get his papers"—naturalization papers? Then there are the curious individuals who wish to know

whether any member of the English royal family ever committed suicide, whether Woodrow Wilson ever wrote "The Chinese make better citizens than Poles or Italians," the value of a cent dated 1860, a good profile view of Brig-Gen. Horace Porter, the value of hat manufactures in the United States, the exact area of Chesapeake Bay, the identification of a certain quotation from an opera, and a list of the leather manufacturers of Cologne. All such inquiries give a new significance to the phrase "working library," which apparently ought to read "working librarian." That the public library and its guardians owe something to the public in the way of furnishing miscellaneous information may be granted, and the marking of metes and bounds to their duty in this regard is as necessary as it is difficult. The ideal would be for librarians to stop with directing the inquirer to the source of the information sought, leaving its actual finding to him as at once a time-saving and an educative process. But this would imply a kind of omniscience in librarians as hard to come by as that with which their questioners tacitly credit them.

Last week's primaries in Oregon for Senator and Governor—the first in which women voted—will scarcely justify Progressive pride in the strength of their State organizations. In 1912, Oregon cast 37,600 votes for Roosevelt, as against 47,064 for Wilson, and 34,673 for Taft. Yet this year's primary registration listed only 6,255 Progressives—compared with the enrolment of 59,986 Democrats and 134,687 Republicans. The women's vote, it may be assumed, would not affect the proportions of the parties except in a way favorable to the Progressives. The Republicans cast over 60 per cent. of their registered vote, and the Democrats and Progressives between 50 and 60, the Governorship being most hotly contested. Apart from this index of party strength, the primary is of chief interest as strengthening a sentiment for the preferential voting system. One of the candidates was nominated on approximately 20 per cent. of his party vote. As the *Portland Oregonian* remarks, the State has now had its primary law ten years without amendment—an unconscionable period for a really progressive commonwealth.

Possibility of anything like the "Guthrie rush" of 1889, or of the recurrence of that picturesque but unpleasing phase of our earlier development—speculation about the course of new railways—seems removed by the Government's action as regards the Alaska road. Along its three possible routes, fourteen town sites have already been picked out, and many more are to be chosen. When the country is opened, lots will be sold to actual settlers at reasonable prices. One kind of speculator is thus definitely provided against—the speculator who is first on the ground for the simple purpose of levying tribute on late-comers who are the real builders of the community. That the faith of men who come with the sincere motive of making homes may be rewarded with a just increment, will still exist as a spur to settlement. How far the Government will go in applying similar principles to the agricultural country adjoining, dependent for its value mainly upon the proximity of markets, remains to be seen.

Canada faces a troublesome question in the arrival of 500 Hindus at Vancouver, and one of great interest to our own West. The answer to it will demand a careful balancing of Imperial and Dominion interests. Out of it may come final settlement of an issue which has been regularly postponed since 1907, when East Indian immigration first began on a large scale. This the Indian Government then undertook to discourage, and an Order-in-Council in Canada excluded any newcomer who arrived otherwise than by a continuous journey—a really effective barrier, as there has been no direct steamship communication between the two countries. This Order has been annulled by Chief Justice Hunter as *ultra vires*, and to obtain time for consideration Canada has temporarily suspended all labor immigration into British Columbia. The nature of the ultimate action seems inevitable, for not the most rabid Imperialist would abandon a "white Canada" policy for a theory of Empire. But the method of evading the dilemma will be instructive to Australia and South Africa, and will be watched on our Coast for its effect on the whole Oriental policy—Canada already being alarmed at the number of Chinese who are entering under a head-tax of \$500 each.

The fight for Home Rule, in one form or another, has been going on for seventy-five years. It is thirty years since Gladstone, by making Home Rule an article in the creed of the Liberal party, made an Irish Parliament a political possibility again. A weary path has in the meantime been traversed, and it would be idle to pretend that the controversy has not come to wear new aspects. Consider, for example, the question of Irish land. It was probably the greatest single driving power in the original movement for Home Rule. Absentee landlords, rack-renting, the peasant insecure in his tiny holdings—these were among the bitterest of Ireland's grievances. Home Rule was to give the land back to Irishmen. But it has been virtually given back without Home Rule. A series of Land Acts for Ireland, including a vast scheme of buying out the landlords by Government aid to the tenants, have radically changed the whole situation, and given new hope and prosperity to Irish agriculture. Yet the Home Rule movement had gained such momentum, and still spoke for such a genuine national aspiration, that it could not be killed by kindness. The Irish would represent a permanently discontented element unless they had a chance to administer their own local affairs. Their age-long desire is now about to be granted. The passage on Monday of the Home Rule bill in the House of Commons, for the third time in this Parliament, virtually makes of it law; the labors of O'Connell and Butt and Parnell and Redmond and Gladstone and Campbell-Bannerman and Asquith are crowned—so far as the end can crown the work.

What remains to be done in Parliament with the Home Rule bill seems a rather intricate process. But this is made necessary under the provisions of the Parliament Act. It has already been put into effect with the bill for disestablishing the Welsh Church, and it is to be soon with the Plural Voting bill. These two, with Irish Home Rule, were the chief measures which the Liberals were pledged up to the hilt to pass before the present Parliament was dissolved; and, in order to do it, they were compelled to proceed under the Parliament Act. This makes it necessary to pass a bill three times in exactly the

same form. The Lords can reject it twice, but the third time it becomes a law whether they reject or accept it. Yet it must come to the Lords each time in identical language. That is the reason why Mr. Asquith refused to permit in the House any amendment of the Home Rule bill whatever. He had to follow the strict procedure. It is well known, however, that amendment is intended. Two ways are possible. The bill may be amended in the Lords. Then it would go back to the Commons, and if the amendments were there accepted, they would become part of the law; if they were rejected, then the original bill would be put on the statute-books just as it stood. The other way is by a separate amending bill. This, if once through the Commons, could be taken or left by the House of Lords. The probability is, however, that it would be taken. Indeed, this seems the more likely way of throwing additional safeguards about the Protestants of Ulster.

A third Balkan war, over Albania, is not among the probabilities of the immediate future; but within the borders of the newly constituted state the outlook is for a continuous play of civil strife and diplomatic intrigue. Unrest is what the protecting Powers—Austria and Italy—most desire. The erection of a strong government would mean a postponement of hopes cherished at Vienna and Rome. So we are justified in regarding the unfortunate beginning of Prince William's reign as the first of a succession of episodes which will keep the pot boiling without actually causing it to spill over for some time to come. There will be small uprisings and civil wars, plots and counterplots, until the time seems ripe for a decisive stroke either from the north or from across the Adriatic. The elements of possible confusion are almost countless in Albania. Except for the tragic consequences, opera-bouffe would well describe it. A German prince ruling over a Mediterranean people, half-Christian, half-Moslem, under the protection of Powers hostile to each other, having for his Minister of War a rival claimant to the throne, and for the defence of his realm a native gendarmerie under a Dutch military officer—here is a combination that should render Albania a prolific source of news for some time to come.

PLATFORM SOLEMNITIES.

I do not dread so much the vengeance of the people against the party of which I am a humble follower as I do the distrust that will be bred by such an open repudiation of a solemn covenant touching the promises of all political parties and incidentally of representative government. Were it proposed by any man other than the President of the United States, holding the high place he does in the confidence and affections of the people, we should all recoil from it with horror.

To those who entertain any doubt of the exalted character of our political morality at the present time, we commend a thoughtful consideration of these impressive sentences from Senator Walsh's speech on the Panama tolls question. At no previous time in the history of the Republic could anything like this lofty view of the nature of platform pledges have been uttered without provoking a smile. We say nothing of the cynics whose attitude was summed up in the epigram that political platforms, like car platforms, are made not to stand on, but to get in on; what we have in mind is the position of honorable men, dealing in a patriotic spirit with public affairs. The idea that the whole document is to be regarded as a "solemn covenant," every part of which must be held equally sacred with every other—that the violation of any single clause would be an act of perfidy from which every decent man must "recoil with horror"—this idea was virtually unknown in former times, and stamps the present day as one of almost superhuman moral beauty.

In their platform of 1888 the Republicans "demand the reduction of letter postage to one cent per ounce." They carried that election, and had full control of both houses of Congress; but they have done nothing about the matter from that day to this, though they repeated the pledge in 1892. Mr. Walsh, as a good Democrat, may say that this is only what is to be expected of Republicans; but the point is that no human being, of either party, so far as known, has shown any symptoms of "recoiling with horror" from the performance. Moreover, the Democrats have at least as bad a record as the Republicans. In 1896 they declared against "life tenure in the public service" and in favor of "fixed terms of office"—in other words, they declared for the overthrow of the merit system as actually

established in the civil service of the United States. But neither as a minority nor as a majority in Congress has the Democratic party, from that day to this, made any attempt to pass a law carrying that declaration into effect. So much for matters not in the centre of the stage; but it would not be difficult to point to bigger things. The plank in the 1864 platform declaring the war a failure, and demanding that a settlement be made by peaceful methods, was, of course, converted into pulp by military events; but long before its destruction had been thus completely effected, ninety-nine Democrats out of a hundred were glad enough to forget it. And the declaration four years later in favor of paying off the bonds in greenbacks was thrown on the scrap-heap in deference, not to the march of events, but to the general growth of sanity and intelligence on the subject. Nobody seems to have realized that such conduct, however rational and even necessary, was infamous or sacrilegious.

And, indeed, much as we dislike to accept a moral rating lower than the best, we have to confess that to our mind practical realities preclude the acceptance of the "solemn covenant" idea of a political platform. Take the particular case at issue. Nobody pretends that the Convention considered the tolls question even for an instant; the platform was read in its expiring moments, after the close of the exhausting struggle over the nomination, and was "adopted with a shout." But, it may be said, the sub-committee of eleven, which drafted the platform, represented the Convention in the matter. If, for the sake of the argument, we grant this, what did the sub-committee do? Senator Walsh says that while the plank was doubtless, as usual, inserted by some one person, it was adopted without objection in the sub-committee. He does not say that any person other than the proposer gave it any thought; he does not say that the fact that a majority of the Democrats in the House had voted against the tolls-exemption was mentioned; above all, he does not say that any consideration whatever was given to the crucial question of whether that exemption was a violation of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. On the contrary, his statement that it was adopted without objection is virtually a statement that it was adopted without dis-

cussion, and that neither the record of the party nor the question of the treaty was brought up at all.

To regard every sentence written in a platform as invested with sacred authority is, therefore, tantamount to turning over to the decision of a few gentlemen sitting around a table, in the heat of a convention gathering, questions which, in the natural course of things, are matter for extensive Congressional debate and investigation; and to accepting that decision as unchangeable, no matter how superficial or thoughtless may have been their consideration of it. What the country is to do, or abstain from doing, during four years, on a large range of questions, is determined without recourse in a few hours, in a wholly haphazard manner, and by men not clothed with the responsibilities of either legislative or executive office.

MR. MELLEN'S TESTIMONY.

It is natural that Mr. Mellen's story of last week, on the inside financial history of the New Haven in the decade which ended with the panic of 1907, should be described as "amazing testimony" and "startling disclosures." Yet his narrative ought not to have caused the least surprise to any one who watched the course of affairs in that strange financial period. On this occasion, as in the life-insurance inquiry of 1905, the real source of interest lies rather in the extraordinary frankness with which one of the participants in the performances of that day unburdens his mind when he gets the opportunity, and in the details which his testimony provides for a background already familiar to intelligent observers.

Mr. Mellen's account of the "humiliating scene" in which, as the New Haven's president, he asked Mr. Morgan why the Westchester purchase should have cost the New Haven \$11,155,000, when its tangible value did not exceed \$4,000,000, and in which Mr. Morgan, according to Mellen's account, was "abrupt and very severe," and refused the information, has attracted the most attention. One obvious comment on it would have to do with the subservience of the president of a great corporation, in permitting what he declares he knew to be improper use of that corporation's funds. Yet we imagine that a similar

story might be told of a dozen episodes of that period.

Conditions in company finance which made possible the cornering of a \$78,000,000 railway stock with borrowed money, by two competing financial autocrats; the using by inside financiers of \$25,000,000 subscribed for the Steel Trust underwriting, and its repayment with 200 per cent. cash profit, but without a pretence of accounting; the tossing, to a group of stock-jobbers who had "held up" the Louisville & Nashville property, of ten or twenty millions profit, raised by mortgaging another railway; the demand that shareholders of a \$52,000,000 city-railway property, when asked to lease it to a four-mile street-railway line, should "vote for it first and discuss it afterward"; the insistence, in the face of almost unanimous remonstrance by the Steel Corporation's shareholders, that \$200,000,000 of its stock should be turned into mortgage bonds; the vote of the directors of a \$200,000,000 railway company that their chairman be individually empowered to borrow such money as he should see fit, and "to execute in the name and on behalf of this company a note or notes for the amount so borrowed"—such a state of things, it appears to us, would lead very logically to "abruptness" and "severity" when some one not of the inner circle ventured to ask for a detailed statement of the amounts expended.

These were typical incidents of the times which Wall Street was accustomed to describe as the era of "thinking in hundred millions." It was, in fact, an era of complete infatuation, in which our great financiers had come to believe that the investor's money was theirs, to use as suited them. The old-fashioned notion that the directing of corporations was a trust, for whose proper exercise a strict accounting was the right of the investor, cut a negligible figure in the exploits of the period. If it so happened that investors' interests were a necessary topic of discussion, the public was assured that its welfare depended altogether on control by self-perpetuating directors, and on a capitalization so inflated that nobody could challenge or unseat them.

We are setting forth, in this brief summary of the period, facts which have long been known to every observant reader of the news, and to which Mr.

Mellen's testimony merely adds a few typical retrospective details. It is nevertheless particularly instructive that the details should in this case concern a property whose treasury has been emptied and whose investment value has been shaken by the financial experiments of the autocrats. For nothing has come more clearly into view, with the progress of our financial history, than the fact that the judgment of the great financiers regarding the nature of a financial situation was repeatedly as bad, their methods as wasteful, and their use of capital as reckless, as might reasonably have been expected from men who were subject to delusions about American finance not less wild than any which now surround the social and political problems of the day.

It is of the first importance that the public which reads such revelations as those of Mr. Mellen should not lose sight of the fact that the system which made possible these episodes in our company finance has completely broken down. It was bound to do so, from the seeds of destruction which it bore within itself, if not from the active interference of the law. The severe readjustment of 1903 and the panic of 1907 were directly and immediately a consequence of the kind of financiering that prevailed in the New Haven. Had it been possible to resume and continue those financial methods in the whole field of company finance after 1907, the probability is that the system itself would have come to earth in a far more formidable collapse than had yet occurred.

But as a matter of fact, the shattered machinery could not have been reconstructed, unless the delusions of 1901 and 1902 had been again instilled into the brains, not only of the financial autocrats, but of the public at large—which, it should not be forgotten, shared enthusiastically in the imaginations and superstitions of a dozen years ago. Disappearance from the scene of two such leaders as Mr. Harriman and Mr. Morgan was of itself sufficient to break the spell. When Mr. Mellen further testified that, in his judgment, the present troubles of the New Haven are due primarily to Mr. Morgan's death, he might as well have said that only Mr. Morgan's individual force and power had made possible the rash experiments of the preceding decade.

RIGHTS AND DUTIES, THIS SIDE THE MILLENNIUM.

An editorial which appeared in the *Nation* under the title "The Right to Punish" has called forth a letter which we print in another column. Our correspondent appears to approve both the reasoning and the conclusions of our article, but asks whether it would not have been just as well if the summarizing sentence had been changed so as to read: "It is necessary to hold, with clear conviction, without tremor or apology, that the right to *protect society from the criminal* rests on the solid foundation of the highest public expediency"—the words italicized being substituted for the words "to punish" in the original sentence. "Is it clear without apology or tremor," he inquires, "that we ever have the right deliberately, without his consent, to inflict pain on any human being?"

Sincerely as we sympathize with the spirit of our correspondent's letter, thoroughly as we approve the idea of making prison life conduce in all possible ways to the prisoner's own ultimate good, we have to answer the first question in the negative and the second in the affirmative. The point is simply this: If in order to protect society from the criminal—that is, from crime—it is necessary to punish the criminal, to inflict pain or hardship on him, with or without reference to his own reformation, then society has the right so to punish him. Whether this be necessary or not is a question of fact, upon which indeed we may not be able to arrive at absolute certainty, but regarding which we have to act according to the best wisdom we can command. If it should be found possible to have prisons such that every discharged prisoner should look back upon them as "the best thing that ever happened" to him, it would still be a question whether or not the protection of society required that a punitive element should enter into the conduct of those prisons. And that question society would have to answer from the standpoint of its own needs. Supposing, for example, that it might be possible to reform each individual prisoner by giving him a perfectly delightful time during the whole period of his sentence, the question would remain whether this would deter other persons from crime in such degree as was de-

manded by the public welfare. If not, we should be bound, with our eyes open, and "without tremor or apology," to resort to punishment as punishment.

The point is by no means "academic." It is in the highest degree practical. Throughout a large part of present-day humanitarian discussion, not only of punishment, but of all questions relating to vice and crime and personal responsibility, there runs an underlying idea of the relation of society to the individual which must be firmly and fearlessly rejected if we are to have sound thinking and sound action in this whole domain. The root of the error lies in a tacit assumption that society has no right to do anything which in a perfect condition of society would be unnecessary; or, if you please, that it is the duty of society to be perfect, and unless that duty is fulfilled the responsibility for all transgressions of individuals rests on its shoulders and not on theirs. Whether avowed or not, this notion is at the bottom of the contention that when a poor boy becomes a ruffian, or a poor girl adopts a life of shame, it is not they, but society, that must be blamed. There ought to be no such thing as poverty, we are told; and doubtless if the idea of legislative eugenics should grow in strength and acceptance we should likewise be told that society is responsible for the shortcomings of every person, rich or poor, whose parents were unwisely allowed to marry.

The truth is, however, first, that nobody knows that it is practicable to abolish poverty or to establish a high standard of eugenics for the race; secondly, that nobody knows that the accomplishment of either or both of these things would in point of fact put an end to vice and crime; and thirdly, that whatever may be possible in some distant future, society must live in the meanwhile. It cannot live, it cannot make life decent and tolerable for the great mass of its members, otherwise than through supporting by such means as it has actually at command the fundamental institutions of morality and civilization. Of all those means, the most vital and indispensable is the enforcement of the idea of personal responsibility for personal conduct. It is this which operates everywhere and all the time. The overt acts of Governors and Legislatures, of courts and juries, touch but

here and there the salient points of human conduct and misconduct. What keeps society whole is the play of character and motive in the millions of individuals composing it. Relax but by a small fraction the pervading sense of individual responsibility, diminish but by a shade the efficacy of that force which strengthens the thousands who are weak or perverse against the manifold temptations that beset them, and the injury will be beyond calculation, and beyond the power of any mere apparatus of reformation to remedy.

EUROPE ON WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA.

Sound literary criticism can hardly flourish on a Hoboken transatlantic pier in the presence of the United States Custom House inspectors. Yet in the case of a leader in criticism like Dr. Georg Brandes, we take it that even a hasty opinion uttered in the face of a battery of newspaper cameras is something more than a happy thought. Until fuller evidence appears to the contrary, we must assume that the eminent Danish critic's judgments on American literature as recorded by the ship-news reporters represent his seasoned belief. It then appears that of contemporary American novelists Jack London holds first place because he is so distinctly American in ideas and spirit; that close to him stand the late Frank Norris and Mr. Upton Sinclair, for the same reasons; and that Edgar Allan Poe is the greatest American poet. This appraisal may differ in detail from the standard verdict upon American literature by experts from abroad. The observant reader will be struck, for instance, with the omission of Walt Whitman, whose vogue among our foreign visitors is enormous. But as a whole, Dr. Brandes speaks quite in the tradition. The roll of fame in American literature drawn up for us by distinguished students from abroad is striking in its inclusion of names that we should hardly look for, and its omission of names that we should expect as a matter of course.

Just what is the American spirit which finds fullest expression in Poe, Jack London, and Frank Norris is rather difficult to define. But all foreign estimates of our literature until recently seem to be based on the assumption that,

since we are a young, energetic, and rather barbarous nation, our literature ought to sound the note of youthful freedom from convention, of lust of living, of zest in barbaric conflict and victory. The "raw of life" is something quite appropriate to our genius. Our writers should be like our railways—swift, and disdainful of safety. Europe expected us to be reckless, spontaneous, original. American civilization, being young, ought always to be heretical and in revolt. "Be young, American poet and novelist, let those who will be sober." It sounds condescending, but it was often quite sincere.

Such, one imagines, was the way foreigners always reasoned and still do very frequently. But of late, visitors who land in Hoboken have begun to impose quite a different standard upon us. It resembles the first in being a standard which makes us rub our eyes. But it differs from the first in demanding just the opposite qualities in us. When Mr. H. G. Wells or Mr. Arnold Bennett lands in this country, he tells us that our greatest novelist or poet is some one of whom few of us have heard, but who, in obscurity, has been producing work quite in the spirit of European literature. That is, Messrs. Wells and Bennett, and a growing group of native critics who follow in their steps, congratulate us on the fact that we have outgrown the kindergarten stage of literary appreciation which rejoices in blood-and-thunder adventure or chocolate-cream romance, congratulate us on the rise of novelists who envisage life soberly, objectively, and with the remorseless honesty which characterizes the best realistic literature of Europe. When Dr. Brandes praises Jack London he speaks in the older tradition. When Mr. Bennett praises Theodore Dreiser and Robert Herrick he speaks in the new tradition. Now we are exhorted to remain young. Now we are reminded that we are grown-up, and must act and write accordingly.

Between the two catalogues the ordinary American stands dazed. On the one list Poe and Jack London; on the other Robert Herrick and Theodore Dreiser; on neither apparently is there room for Hawthorne, Mark Twain, William Dean Howells, Edith Wharton. The puzzled citizen is constrained to ask: How if we are not quite so youth-

ful as some foreign critics imagine us to be and yet not so grown up as other foreign critics would have us be? How if we have outgrown the stage where Jack London can be said to express perfectly the American spirit and have not yet reached the stage where we recognize in Mr. Dreiser's experiments in European realism the true expression of that spirit? How if the truest expression of the national spirit is to be found, after all, in the man who combines the American humor, the American optimism, the American shrinking from the dregs of life and character, with a faithful study of the broad realities of the national life and character, of life as it is incorporated in the great mass of ordinary American men and women? Dr. Brandes as an expert in the correlation of literature and life could construct a much more real American type from the pages of "Silas Lapham," "A Modern Instance," "The Lady of the Aroostook," and "A Hazard of New Fortunes," than he will derive from the pages of Jack London on the one hand or Theodore Dreiser on the other. Foreign critics, having urged us to be ourselves, promptly pass over the books in which we have come nearest to showing ourselves as we are.

GOLF "INVASIONS."

American mortification over the inglorious failure of our best amateur golfers to carry off the British championship may be tempered by the reflection that, anyhow, we gave the English a good scare. This was perhaps the most ludicrous part of the whole matter. No one who has read the anticipatory comments of English golfing critics can doubt that the believers in the supremacy of the "British cleeek" were in a good deal of a funk. Here was a carefully planned invasion. The Americans were not only sending over their finest golfers, but were applying scientific principles to the game, were taking long weeks of practice, studying every point, exhibiting to the full the national genius for organization. Who was sufficient for these things? This was the alarmed question in English golfing circles when the American invasion "o'er pale Britannia passed." A gallant resistance was undertaken. But the prevailing trepidation was unmistakable; so that the result, with not one American contestant sur-

living to the last sixteen, is almost as much of a joke on the English as it is on us.

But the joke of jokes is now seen to be the whole theory upon which this American invasion was planned. It was all fatally in the limelight, and accompanied by a blare of trumpets. These means were certain to defeat the end. For not only the public, but the players themselves, were tremendously keyed up nervously by all the preliminary advertising and shouting. Their every step was dogged by reporters and cameramen. Every game they played, nearly every shot they made, was gasped at and exclaimed over and duly recorded. Moreover, nearly all the best American players engaged themselves to cable thrilling descriptions of the championship matches, including their own sensations. Thus their tension was in every way made as great as possible. When Travers stepped to the tee a week ago last Monday he felt in every fibre the concentrated gaze of the world upon him. Is it any wonder that he played like a duffer? Could there have been, in fact, a more ingenious method devised to put our golfers off their game than to have surrounded them for all these weeks with an atmosphere of clamor and puffery, and thus made them—what every experienced golfer knows to be deadly—intensely self-conscious?

Only contrast what happened this year with what took place in the 1913 amateur championship in England. Then we had a player entered of whom few in this country had ever heard. He quietly slipped off his ship and, almost without any practice, began playing in the tournament. And this American, Heinrich Schmidt, came very near winning. He went to the semi-finals, where Hilton beat him only on the nineteenth hole. But Schmidt went over unheralded. When we began to read of his beating Englishman after Englishman, people were everywhere asking, "Who on earth is Schmidt?" We were conducting no "invasion" that year. A sturdy young golfer was simply let alone to do his best, his nerves not fluttered by loud thundering in the index, and his fingers left to grip his clubs instead of a pen.

It is not pretended that the self-defeating methods of our golf invasion of England tell the whole story of the American downfall at Sandwich. Some of our men pulled themselves together,

notably Evans. He had the bad luck last week to be pitted against a man who, for nine holes, played superhuman golf, against which no man living, amateur or professional, could have stood. That the display was merely one of those magic intervals that sometimes come to a player and seem to make it impossible to miss a shot, is shown by the fact that the wonderful performer was only an ordinary mortal in his next round, where he was beaten. But the possibility of meeting such a man is always before the American who faces the whole British field, and it must enter into any sober calculation of his chances. So must the English custom of making the matches at eighteen holes, instead of our new plan of thirty-six. Evans might have beaten MacFarlane in thirty-six holes; nobody could have beaten him in eighteen.

Our golfers should have learned something from this year's experience. They ought not to repeat the folly of going to hunt the British cup with a brass band. Moreover, they must have discovered that the quality of English golf is higher than ours. England has three or four times as many amateurs in the first flight as we have. It is this fact which makes the chances so heavily against any one man. Two English ex-champions were put out at Sandwich, along with our men, besides several players whose winning was thought quite possible. It is not only that the English have been longer at the game, but their golfers have more skill in adapting their style of play to the modern architecture of the links. This has imposed heavy penalties on a "pulled" ball. It used to be the favorite shot, when malign traps were not placed to catch it; but now the best English players have given it up. Americans, however, still have a weakness for it. James Braid warned Travers against it, when he saw him play at Walton Heath. But at Sandwich Travers was pulling into bunkers on half the holes. And Ouimet actually "hooked" a ball into a trap on another hole than the one he was playing! We fancy that our golfers, returning on their clubs if not with them, will be frank to say that the English can yet teach us several things about the fine points of the game. One lesson is that golf cannot be played as Alfred Jingle played cricket—banging the ball one moment, the next twanging the lyre.

Foreign Correspondence

MR. ASQUITH AS DEBATER AND LEADER—SUSPICIONS OF WEAKNESS—A COMING TEST.

LONDON, May 15.

It would be an interesting study for a psychologist to analyze the popular conceptions of the characteristics of political leaders. Public opinion has a strange way of affixing a label to prominent statesmen before they have advanced far in their career, and then of interpreting all their subsequent actions in such fashion as to conform to this premature judgment.

It is conceivable that the reputation enjoyed by Mr. Asquith as the strong man of modern English politics, wise in judgment and firm in determination, may be a case in point. In some respects, of course, the general opinion of his qualities is beyond the risk of any destructive criticism. When Lloyd George declared that the Prime Minister, in a single short address, had told his audience more of what was meant by the Government's land policy than he had himself been able to do in five speeches of an hour and a half each, he paid a just tribute to his chief's unrivalled gifts of concise and lucid exposition. In parliamentary debate to-day, both Mr. Asquith and Mr. Balfour are unapproachable in their respective styles. The Conservative ex-leader can take an apparently hopeless case and so play upon it with the subtleties of his dialectic as to make the most convincing objections to a certain course seem like irrefragable arguments in its favor. When he has no longer a leg to stand on, he can stand on his head, and can almost persuade his hearers that that is the only proper attitude from which the world should be viewed.

Mr. Asquith, on the other hand, is at his best when such clever minds as Mr. Balfour's have been at work on a great question, confusing the issues or distracting attention from main points to unimportant details. When the House is getting muddled by this artificial complexity, Mr. Asquith will rise from the Treasury bench and, in a few sentences, straighten out the whole tangle. His manner is unemotional and unrhethorical, but his words have such an effect that his conclusion appears not only right, but inevitable.

So far public opinion is agreed, nor is it likely that this estimate of Mr. Asquith's debating power will ever be disturbed. It is with regard to other qualities of his that the final verdict is still in the balance—to be decided, possibly, by the events of the next few months. "Trust Asquith" is the Liberal watchword. "Wait and see" is his own counsel to those who are perplexed by his action or by his inaction. If he seems to be yielding, the retreat is only the preliminary to a victorious advance. If he appears to have foolishly given an advantage to his opponents, they will find presently that they have not gained an opportunity, but have walked into a trap. If you think he has been taken off his guard, his apparent inadvertence will be

proved sooner or later to be a consummate stroke of tactics.

An adherent of the accepted Asquith theory would probably quote the most sensational development of this year's army crisis in disproof of any reluctance to admit his hero's grasp of a difficult situation. The Prime Minister's dramatic resolve to take the War Office into his own hands was a coup that was both courageous and prudent. It did much to restore the shaken confidence of his followers, and to check the premature self-congratulations of the Opposition. But the story of his attitude on the Curragh affair as a whole can scarcely be put forward, on reflection, as illustrating either shrewd judgment or prompt decision. The very necessity that sent Mr. Asquith to the War Office was a result, not by any means the first, of the loose rein that he had been giving to Cabinet Ministers whose policy should have been under the control of their chief. It was a revelation of astounding slackness in a body whose members are supposed to be under a discipline that is inconsistent with individual initiative of this wayward kind.

The gun-running in Ulster, bringing to a head in open defiance of the King's authority the rebellion that had long been threatened, might have been expected to arouse the most pusillanimous Prime Minister to the need of making a firm stand for law and order. Mr. Asquith expressed his opinion of these proceedings and of his own duty in his characteristically direct style. "In view," he said, "of the grave and unprecedented outrage in Ulster, the Government will take without delay appropriate steps to vindicate the authority of the law." Three weeks have passed since the "outrage." Nobody has been punished for it, and nobody is going to be punished.

And now in this present week the Prime Minister has announced that the concessions which were originally offered to the Opposition as the price of a "settlement by consent" are to be embodied in an amending bill whether the Opposition is willing to treat or not. The country has waited, and it has seen. It has seen the Government retreating, not inch by inch, but mile by mile, from the unassailable position it held under the Parliament act, and, with all its professions of firmness, answering every insult to its authority by a fresh surrender. How long, some are asking, shall we have to wait before we see the collapse of the Government and of the Liberal party in an electoral débâcle? So far they have been saved by the almost incredible ineptitude of the Unionist official leadership. If Unionists had the wit to put Sir Edward Carson in Bonar Law's place, the Ministry might no longer be able to presume on the continuance of its good fortune.

At any rate, the test that is rapidly approaching is likely to settle, once and for all, whether the Prime Minister has really the stanchness and determination with which he is credited, or whether, as Bismarck said of an earlier British statesman, he is only "a lath painted to look like iron."

H. W. H.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY'S RELATIONS WITH RUSSIA—EFFECTS OF THE NEW MILITARY SERVICE—DEALINGS WITH SERBIA.

VIENNA, May 12.

The scene of political activity in Austria-Hungary has been shifted from Vienna to Budapest, the Hungarian capital, where the meetings of the Austrian and of the Hungarian delegations have been taking place.

The most anxious question disturbing the tranquillity of the country is that of its relations with Russia. It has long been known that they are merely "correct." Count Berchtold referred to the question in his exposé, and in his courtly manner described them as "satisfactory." Count Berchtold is an old aristocrat, a travelled man of the world, and his diplomatic language is ever carefully chosen, his words deliberated upon and smoothed down until they lose the force given to the communiqués issued by his predecessor, Count Aehrenthal, who was a new man, the grandson of one who had risen from the ranks.

Other utterances made by men with no authorization excepting their mandates as delegates plainly showed where the trouble between the two countries lies. The resentment felt in Austria-Hungary at the propaganda carried on so incessantly by Russia on the frontier, among the Ruthenes and the Little Russians, who are Austro-Hungarian subjects, was plainly expressed, and the politicians on the Neva were given to understand that Austria-Hungary was well aware of the machinations of Russian political agents all along her frontier, whether as religious enthusiasts anxious to obtain converts for political purposes, or as spies.

Reference was also made to the relations with Rumania. The news of the two alliances, with Greece and Russia, respectively, has caused considerable annoyance here. A large number of Rumanians have lived quietly and peaceably under the central government, and will continue to do so so long as there is a good understanding between Rumania and Austria-Hungary, but should Rumania accept the overtures made by the Czar, there is likely to be trouble on the frontier.

One of the most important subjects under discussion at the meeting of the delegations has been the results of the introduction of two years' military service in this country. The immediate effect will be a considerable numerical increase in the effective force of the Austro-Hungarian army. Under the three years' service system there was always a much larger number of recruits available than could be trained with the existing machinery. The standard of selection for recruits was thus always kept high, the strongest and healthiest men being chosen. Even under these circumstances a large number were sent home, as unwanted, the men being selected by lot. Under the new system the strength of the Austro-Hungarian army will be increased by a fifth. The new law has already begun to have a beneficent effect, which will be seen more clearly in the course of five or six years, parents being

less inclined to send their children to the gymnasium and university to prepare for a learned profession. This last course was necessary for all young men who wished to avoid the long military service, as only youths who could produce a certificate from their gymnasium or college, showing that they had completed the course, were allowed to serve as "volunteers," that is, for one year, at their own cost.

If the signs of the time may be trusted there will now be a great reaction against the common practice of educating boys for the learned professions. Parents, relieved of the three years' service bogey—for it has long been known that the new service rule would be introduced—send their sons to modern schools and business colleges. Employers have long deplored the present state of affairs, which gives them a man with a degree, but no practical knowledge of business. They want a young man who is an expert at shorthand and typing, not an encyclopædia of useful knowledge. Another factor, which will make parents welcome the change, is the great increase of cases of suicide in this country, especially among boys who have been spurred on to study too hard by parents, who considered that they were ruining their careers by failure to get through the course at a secondary school. Pressure was thus put upon boys who were quite unfitted for study. The diversion of some of the best brain power of the country and of the services of sons of the moneyed classes from the professions to trades and to ordinary business will have an excellent effect on commerce.

The Austrian delegates left Vienna for Budapest, to attend the delegations with instructions from all and sundry to do their best to prevail on the Hungarians to deal with Serbia in a neighborly manner, and to attempt to win back the territory lost during the war. It is realized that much toil and money must be put into commercial effort before the situation of supremacy enjoyed ten years ago can return. A large river shipping company published its balance sheet some days ago, from which it was seen that the losses caused by the war and the cholera had been immense. Traffic on the lower part of the Danube was stopped during the war, and afterwards the precautions rendered necessary by the cholera maimed trade for months. The company has, however, now resolved to increase its capital and to put on a number of new boats, to repair its losses, and this is the spirit shown everywhere in the country, just at present, instead of the former attitude of "it can't be helped."

Meanwhile, the news that Serbia and Greece have come to a decision that Salonica, the great port for the Levant, shall become a free harbor for fifty years, causes but slight satisfaction here. Greece is to administer the port, but all Servian goods may be loaded and unloaded without payment of duty, and Serbia instead of depending on Austria to take her agricultural products and to purchase her superfluous meat, will seek new markets along the coasts of the Adriatic and the Mediterranean.

L. R.

French Watering Places

CURES AND ARCHÆOLOGY.

PARIS, May 9.

Some years ago I noticed in Government statistics that France had 1,026 licensed watering places, each with its thermal or mineral springs. Looking through memories of many years, I found I had seen fifty-six of them. More have been licensed, and I have visited more since. Who has heard of Escou-loubre and Carcanières, separated only by the river Aude, in the eastern Pyrenees? Yet they have three establishments between them, furnishing board and lodging "with the use of the waters" for seven francs (\$1.20) a day if you eat at the first table, and five (\$1) if you eat at the second!

Last year I made an excursion to the magnificent ruins of the château of Beaucens, in the central Pyrenees. The straggling village below is away from the beaten track, and there was no hotel, though I noticed a large building going up. A black-coated man arrived and asked the farmer who was my guide why the "cabins" were not yet up at the spring. This was the primitive provision for bathers, of whom there are a few hundreds every year. It was a professor of the University who came for his annual cure. He told me he took a room with a peasant, and that the sulphate water was immensely strong for sciatica and varicose affections. It has been known through the region ever since the château was built, in the twelfth century; and the new building is a regulation establishment. A company has at last taken hold of the springs, and will try to make money out of them. Medical authorities assure me the waters are really good in a few specific complaints; and the low mountain air—more than 1,500 feet high, however—is good, and the region picturesque up the valley from Lourdes. Why should not over-eating, un-exercising Americans find their way thither some day? But let them first learn if the accommodations are possible to their exacting habits of life.

There is no class of the French population, rich or poor, which does not "take the waters." It came to them with their civilization. It was the universal remedy of the Romans, who tried always to set up their fortified camps where the soldiers could heat and steam away their ails in hot springs.

At Nérès, in Auvergne, I have seen cheap bathers packed like sardines into a surviving Roman piscina excavated in the rock above one of the bicarbonate of soda springs—temperature 120 Fahrenheit, with steam never-ending. At Ax, in the eastern Pyrenees, over towards Spain, there is still the "Bassin des Ladres"—a great open-air pool built by

St. Louis, King of France, for his crusaders, who came back with what they called leprosy. Light clouds of steam mount up from it; and I saw housewives coming for the hot water ready to their hand. Business clerks, street-car men, school-teachers, domestics, all like to take their yearly few days off at such waters. Day laborers and miners are not shut out altogether, if some of these baths are within reach. I have seen coal miners from Commentry and factory workmen from Montluçon coming to Nérès in their Sunday clothes.

Michigan's proud device: "If you want to see a fine peninsula, look around you," might have its answer from France: "If you want to take waters, hot baths, or mineral drinks, all my roads lead to them!" The state licenses these watering places after the Academy of Medicine has certified that the waters are profitable. The region of the locality always reserves their free use for its citizens, and often builds a hospice for them. At Cauterets they have clean beds, good food, and the best medical attention, besides stimulating mountain air, 3,000 feet up, for 40 or 50 cents a day. Dr. Meillon tells me that, with these patients, he never has any trouble in applying such modern methods as weekly blood analysis, which he has great difficulty in proposing to the rich. The poor wish to get all that is going, and so he is able to acquire precious results for medical science; but the rich are afraid he is going to impose some new expense on them for his own purposes. At least, the doctor's sensitiveness makes him think so.

The use of mineral waters at their source, with their radioactivity at its full, and with possibilities of varied applications, is rapidly becoming a separate and fruitful branch of practical medicine. This has been recognized at recent congresses of hydrology; and a special professorship has been organized for it in the medical faculty of Paris. What the life-loving Romans learned by experience, modern science with infinitely wider experience confirms and develops. In England a national movement has begun to bring back the native public to such springs, which were far more frequented in less travelled times. At the German baths you are pretty sure to find Americans, whom I have seen as far afield as the Hercules Baths of Hungary, down by the Iron Gates. But I believe there is no country where hot springs and mineral springs, to soak the outside and rinse the inside, are applied to such a number of the whole population as in France.

To one who has time and is not looking for the cosmopolitan fashion of Vichy and Aix—and who has a little use of the language—half the pleasure of these watering places is in the history that crops up all about and in the mem-

ories of noted men and women who have passed that way. For these watering places are not limited to their "cure," which is universally and mathematically twenty-one days. Nor are they mere resorts of summer travel, such as the mountains and seacoast have. As they are not new discoveries, most of them have a little or a great deal of archæology to show. And, of course, any amount of literature has grown up around them as the centuries pass.

Nérís pretends to a visit from the Emperor Nero. The terraces of the soldiers' camp are still plain, overlooking the valley; and here is the pleasant main road along which remains are dug from their officers' villas. There the legions marched, cursing like an Englishman, by Jove, or by Castor and Pol-lux—"Edepol!"—or by Hercules—"Hercle!"—as we learned in our grammars when Latin was studied. In a rose garden, which has more varieties than the Roseraie at Bagatelle in the Paris Bois de Boulogne, and sends cuttings to New York and New Zealand, I saw a well of one of these rich Roman houses emptied of the débris of the ages. The rubbish must have accumulated until somewhere about A. D. 1000, as nothing was found that could be dated after that time.

This was genuine archæology, for the gardener came on it in enlarging his watering pool. There was nothing of great value, but all was interesting. There was the handle of a jug, with the stamp in Greek letters of the maker, probably a Greek of Marseilles. There was a brooch with the antique safety-pin seen in Gallo-Roman remains of the French National Museum at Saint-Germain, worn by some young officer to fasten his cloak. And there was a long black spoon, like those used by Egyptians to extract aromatic unguents from bottles. At the other end of the town, in an old manor house of the time of Francis I, where the artistes of the little theatre troupe were lodged, I found the garden walks marked off with bits of broken sculpture of the Roman days.

Not all these watering places go back so completely to the time when Gaul was a flourishing Roman province; but very many have their little ruins, and make the most of them. One of the excursions of Luchon is to the quarry where the Column of Trajan, which is at Rome, was cut out of the perpendicular face of the rock. It makes a very striking scene in the midst of a delightful mountain landscape; but I regret to say that last summer I found the village to which the quarry belongs has given permission to begin working it again. From the same rock marbles were taken for the Trianon at Versailles by Louis XIV. At Uriage, just outside the city of Grenoble, in a lovely valley overshadowed by the last western peaks

of the French Alps, only vestiges remain to show Roman work. At Plombières, in the Vosges Mountains, with twenty-seven springs whose temperature ranges from 59 to 160 degrees Fahrenheit, the ancient "Étuves Romaines," or public vapor baths, are still in use below the level of the street; and you get to them by going down from the "Bain Stanislas," which has its name from the Duke of Lorraine, whose daughter was the lonely, unloved Queen of Louis XV of France. Napoleon III and Empress Eugénie brought Plombières into fashion again, as they did Vichy; and the French Republic continues, as at Vichy, to control the use and sale of the waters by farming them out to a company.

Most of these places drop out of known history through the dark and middle ages, when people wrote little or else their writings about their doings have not survived or been studied. It would be a great mistake to take it for granted that there was any age when men abstained from the use of such evident and easy healing. Nérís has an unbroken record, with remains and testimonials of its cures for every century since Nero and before. The present property rights of the springs at Cauterets are held by seven communes of the valley in virtue of deeds of A. D. 945; and even then one of the conditions which the local sovereign, Raymond I, Count of Bigorre, made to the monks of Saint Savin was that buildings should be forever kept up for the baths. Here Marguerite of Navarre, sister of Francis I, wrote her tales of the Heptameron; and Rabelais came to talk them over. One of the excursions nowadays is to the farm up the hills where Queen Hortense, daughter of the Empress Josephine, rode horseback over the mountains to take the waters.

There are twenty-two springs giving out 400,000 gallons of waters a day, variedly combining sulphur, sodium, and silicon at still more varied, but not extreme, temperatures from cool to warm. Last summer I took the treatment whole and entire, scientific, severe, efficacious, and not unpleasant. At five o'clock in the morning, on an empty stomach, I started by an electric railway for a particular spring a mile and a half up the mountain—drank and gargled. Then I walked on a half-mile to another spring, very powerful—and drank. Then further, to Swedish gymnastics and a douche. In the afternoon there was more drinking and gargling at a spring in another direction, with another good walk to get to it. Walking in high mountain air may help; but the waters do surely work. And this is what Anne of Austria, mother of Louis XIV, said of Forges, and Madame de Sévigné—in plainer speech than is customary nowadays—of the abundant drinking at Vichy.

S. D.

Golf on the Campagna

The only way to see a country is to walk over it, and the only thing in these days that induces most people to walk is golf. The syllogism completes itself: to see the Roman Campagna it is necessary to play golf over it. It is curious how relatively few visitors to Rome have discovered this elementary truth. They may have heard that somewhere on the outskirts of the city is a golf course, but somehow in popular estimation the game, however royal and ancient, does not seem to gibe with the eternity of the city, and golf is assumed to be one of the things that the Romans do not do. I have often, in point of fact, cried aloud my doctrine of the Campagna in a wilderness of superior and archæologically minded persons, recommending them by all means to include their golf sticks among the impedimenta of travel which they intended taking with them to Rome, and have only partially assuaged their scorn and saved my reputation as a person of moderate intelligence by assuring them that the learned head of the British Archæological School may not infrequently be surprised pursuing his accustomed work of excavation on the golf links of the Campagna.

Some two miles from the Porta San Giovanni on the Via Appia Nuova two splendid fir trees stand out against the blue of the sky, forming a landmark that is seen for miles around. They are familiar objects in the foreground of many pictures of the Campagna, and they possess an added claim to distinction in that they figure conspicuously on one side of the monthly medal of the Rome Golf Club, the design for which was made by an American, Mr. Breek, formerly the head of the American School at Rome. A little to the right of the trees is a small cluster of firs, among which nestles an unpretentious-looking farm building, which serves as the clubhouse.

Roughly speaking, the golf courses which are now scattered over the Continent of Europe may be divided into two classes. There is the one which partakes of the nature of a country club, with an elaborate clubhouse, furnished with showers and upholstered lounges and a French chef—and, incidentally, a links; and there is the other, a less prosperous and fashionable institution, which is the pride and joy of a small colony of English and American residents who have banded themselves together to play the game of golf on an alien soil. Of the former class the links at Cannes, where the Grand Duke Michael solaces his exile with the semblance of a court, is an excellent example. There, until a few years ago, when some revolutionary souls of Anglo-Saxon

extraction insisted on a cold collation at a side table, from which they were permitted to rise without the august sanction, the luncheon was a tedious process, which began only when the Grand Duke felt hungry and ended when his Imperial Highness gave the signal to rise. Not the least of the charms of the Roman club is its friendliness and informality. Spaghetti and omelettes are within the resources of the smiling Hebe who presides over the clubhouse, but this fare is usually supplemented by the player himself, who brings with him from the city whatever form of sustenance his heart most desires—and proceeds to share it with his neighbor.

I notice these details of the domestic economy of the clubhouse only to emphasize the fact that the spirit of Roman golf is in tune with the spirit of the Campagna. A modern clubhouse, with stretching lawns and spacious verandas dotted with the white expanse of waiters' shirts, would be anathema. Here is nothing that intrudes on the brooding peace of the Campagna. At the very start one is brought into tune with one's surroundings, so that even a drive topped into the yawning valley that should be carried, yet taxes the capacity of a short driver, may be accepted in a philosophical spirit; for from the first tee is obtained a view of the whole expanse of the Campagna. To the left is the long line of the Aqua Marcia, stretching snake-like across the plain, still bringing water to the city from the Sabine Mountains as it did two thousand years ago, and nearer still two or three great arches stand out in ruin, the remains of the aqueduct that Claudius led from Subiaco. On the other side is the old Appian Way and the tomb of Cæcilia Metella; and, further away, in the middle distance, looms up the great dome of St. Peter's, as ever, dominating the city. Straight ahead, over the plain, are the Alban hills, bright splashes of white marking the Castelli Romani, Tivoli and Frascati and Rocca di Papa; and on a clear day on the far horizon may be descried the gleaming peaks of the snow-capped Apennines.

Along the Appian Way, the new one, which is already old, trudges a procession of wine carts, gayly painted, on each a sleeping man and a wakeful dog, and dotted over the Campagna, and invaluable to us in keeping down the grass of the course, are flocks of sheep with uncannily human Roman noses, and their picturesque but, except from the windward, somewhat unapproachable guardians.

The scene is not to be taken in at a passing glance from a hired carriage, but those who frequent the links at Acqua Santa (the name is from a mineral spring near by which once had a considerable reputation for its curative

properties) grow to know and understand it, and even the most irascible golfer, I think, finds himself insensibly mellowed by its influence. Remove the aqueducts and Cæcilia Metella's tomb, the clubhouse and the red flags from the greens, and it is much the same scene that Numa Pompilius looked on when he made his way to the clump of oak trees, not a quarter of a mile from the links, now called the Bosco Sacro, to seek counsel or comfort from the nymph Egeria. It is not surprising to learn from Plutarch that he loved to pass his time "wandering about alone in the sacred groves and lawns," and perhaps, like the irascible golfer, he was assisted by the charm of his surroundings to the exercise of "patience, discipline, and philosophy" (the ideal golfing temperament), which, we are told, were the means by which he still further subdued "a mind naturally disposed to virtue."

S. W.

Poetry

THE WHITE SLAVE.

"Sincerely seeking to make the great idea of universal peace triumph."—Nicholas II, August 24, 1898.

With her mock-marriage still the heaven rings:

The holy hope, the spousal flush she bore,

The White Czar's kiss, the acquiescent Kings,

And that bland hypocritic smile they wore

While unplumbed knaves and cynic underlings

To Cæsar sold her privily behind the door.

Dragged in the ruined wake of war aghast,

Mid drums and trumpets smothering her cries,

Her wooed, unwedded, stricken life is passed;

By corpses in the cold moonlight she lies;

With all her soul abhors her lot is cast: I marvel how she keeps the love-light in her eyes.

What profit tears? What profit countless hands

Held up in prayer? Or hearts that for her ache?

Is not her sale-price known through all the lands?

What others traffic for shall we not take?

The White Slave of the Nations there she stands

And waits—till we betray her for our honor's sake.

STUART P. SHERMAN.

Some Modern Painters

PERSONAL NOTES IN TWO CHAPTERS.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

CHAPTER I.—A PRIVATE ACADEMY BANQUET
—HORSLEY—SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON—
FRANK HOLL—HERKOMER.

For some years previous to his death, Sir Henry Tate, the munificent donor of the picture gallery that will perpetuate his name, was little seen in London. He took his rest in his mansion at Streatham Common, with its far-reaching garden and its long glass corridor, filled with hothouse plants leading to his beloved picture storehouse. He, nevertheless, almost up to the last, made a point of coming to town for the private view of the Royal Academy, staying for the banquet, at which, for many years, he was an honored guest. His upright figure, his ruddy countenance, his bright smile, and his cheery manner did not indicate the approach of the end. But he had passed the limits of four score, and was suffering from what Gladstone, talking of his own case, used to call the "incurable disease of old age."

Every year, on the eve of the opening of the Royal Academy, he had his own private and peculiar Academy banquet. It is a far cry to Streatham Common, and a long drive back, more especially for those living in the painters' colony north of St. John's Wood. But the R.A.'s and the A.R.A.'s rarely missed foregathering at Sir Henry's hospitable board. On one occasion only I met Horsley at these pleasant gatherings. It was at the time when his crusade against painting from the nude or anything approaching that state of nature subjected him to good-natured badinage. I happened to sit at dinner between him and Boughton. Leaning across me Boughton said:

"I was afraid, my dear Horsley, when I heard you were going to be on the Hanging Committee, that what I regard as my best picture of this year would be rejected."

"Why?" asked Horsley, puzzled at such an apprehension.

"Well, the scene is winter-time in Holland. I painted a tree in the background and all its limbs are bare."

With the exception of Sir William Agnew, head of the great house of picture dealers, I was the only outsider habitually present at these delightful dinners. It is sad to think how many whom one used to meet there preceded their host on the journey into the silent land. The first to go was Frank Holl, leaving behind him in Sir Henry's gallery some of his earliest work, now the property of the nation. Then Lord Leighton, better known as Sir Freder-

ick, and Sir John Millais dying in the same year, and Stacy Marks, who survived his old friend Leighton not quite two years.

All these artists found their earlier selves reflected in work hanging on the walls of the picture gallery built in the garden at Streatham. Dinner over, the company assembled in the gallery for a smoke. To me nothing was more interesting than to see men like Millais, Leighton, Alma Tadema, Orchardson, Luke Fildes, Frank Dicksee, and Briton Riviere sitting contemplative before pictures painted at a time when they were still struggling into assured position. In the days of its fulness there was no private gallery containing so many masterpieces of modern British art as Sir Henry Tate's. His treasures are now on view in the Picture Palace on the Embankment with which he endowed the nation. What it must have cost him to strip his home walls of familiar and cherished treasures he only knew. But he made the sacrifice, as he did all things, cheerily.

For the first time for many years the Academy banquet of 1894 lacked the grace of the presidency of Sir Frederick Leighton. Stricken by a fell disease, he went off to Algiers, there to seek the absolute rest and quiet which the doctors peremptorily prescribed. A short time before he left I met him in Pall Mall, and was shocked at the altered appearance wrought in a brief interval. Up to within the last twelve months there was a breezy summer-day look about him, refreshing in the dusty world of London. His fresh-colored complexion, with the flowing necktie whose equally bright tint artistically contrasted whilst harmonizing, his bright eye, his brisk walk, his cheery talk, seemed to promise vigorous old age. He was not at this time sixty-five, as the almanac reckons. But the previous twelve months added as many years to his life. Angina pectoris was the dread disease that clutched him at an age when he might have reckoned upon enjoying some years of further opportunity of work. Sir Frederick possibly plumed himself more on his banquet speeches than on any other section of his Academy work. Year after year for seventeen years he was obliged to propose the same round of toasts, no slight task for an orator even of Gladstone's versatility and resource.

It is interesting to recall the fact that at the outset when there was talk of the imminence of a vacancy in the presidential chair of the Academy, the name of Sir Frederick's actual successor was not mentioned. It appeared reasonable that Sir John Millais, who filled the chair at the Academy banquet in the rare absence of the president, might expect to be nominated permanently to occupy it. But Sir John was himself getting

stiff in harness, and the prevailing idea among painters pointed to the selection of a younger man. The favorite was Val Prinsep, who, apart from his position in the art world, had some special qualifications for the post. He was rich, well connected, and in personal appearance scarcely less decorative than Sir Frederick Leighton. He had not long been a full Academician. The circumstances attending his election were at the time regarded as significant. J. W. Waterhouse was in the running, and was by many severe critics regarded as standing on a higher level than Prinsep. His being set aside in favor of the latter when there was a vacant chair among the R.A.'s was regarded as part of an organized movement for bringing Prinsep to the front as candidate for the presidency.

In the late 'eighties visitors to the Royal Academy on private-view days would come across a gentleman wheeled round the gallery in a bath chair. It was naturally presumed that this privilege was reserved for a person of high distinction. As a matter of fact, the occupant of the chair was a gentleman in the tombstone line of business, hailing from far-off Aberdeen.

He obtained this exceptional privilege of admission to the Academy as he won another and rarer possession, by sheer persistency. If he wanted a thing he asked for it, and kept on asking till he got it. The importunate widow was, by comparison, an unenterprising person of retiring manner.

The worthy tombstone dealer's greatest triumph through a long and industrious life was the acquisition of a unique picture gallery. His idea was obviously founded on the Uffizi Gallery of Florence.

Aberdeen isn't Florence, nor was Mr. Macdonald's modest mansion a gallery of world-wide renown. But following the line adopted by the directors of the Uffizi Gallery, he met with amazing success. He wrote to an artist offering for his portrait done with his own hand some small sum, varying, I believe, from £15 to £25, according as the work would be in oils or black and white. He admitted the sum was inadequate, but he explained that he was forming the gallery with intent to bequeath it to Aberdeen. He rarely met with refusal, and when he died his collection was as valuable as it was rare. He did not leave it to Aberdeen, but to his wife, who, upon her death, faithfully passed it on to the city.

The last picture Frank Holl had in hand when death interrupted his work was a portrait of John Walter, of the *Times*. He had finished the head, making a striking likeness, but the rest of the canvas was a blank. It had been arranged that the painter was to receive £600 for his work, but as it was not

completed the contract fell through. Sir William Agnew, acting in the interests of Holl's family, took the matter in hand, and brought it to a happy conclusion. At his suggestion Herkomer undertook to finish the picture. Mr. Walter gave him a sitting for the hands and figure, and Herkomer filled in the canvas, which thus, in these rare circumstances, embodies the work of two masters of their craft. Mr. Walter cheerfully paid £600, and Herkomer refusing to take a penny for his work, the whole of the sum went to Mrs. Holl. The picture is now in the possession of the chairman of the *Times* proprietorship, grandson of the subject.

I saw Frank Holl only a few weeks before his death at his studio near Swiss Cottage. He was looking a little languid and over-tired, but spoke bravely of the amount of work he had done and had undertaken to do. Nineteen portraits, he told me, he had painted in the year. I suppose he was earning more than any other living English artist. He was a silent man as a rule, never a good talker, but, like every great painter, observant. While painting his portrait of Gladstone he was much impressed by the magnitude of his head and by the pride he took in the size of his hat. He told me that Mr. G. made him feel his bumps, and pointed out how much more developed they were on the left side than the right.

Like other great painters, he seemed an imperfect judge of his own work. I don't think he at all appreciated the merits of his portrait of Lord Spencer. He much preferred Sir Richard Webster's (now Lord Alverstone), which certainly is not among his successes. His house, called "The Three Gables," was one of the handsomest in that street of palaces, Fitzjohn's Avenue. It stood next door but one to Pettie's. I don't know how much it cost to build, but it is no secret that Holl paid the purchase money out of a single year's earnings, and houses of Norman Shaw architecture in Fitzjohn's Avenue are not cheap. In his early days, when he was a painter in Camden Town, he certainly had to battle with poverty, and the sadness of his first canvases was due to personal surroundings.

Herkomer was a marvellous compound of vitality, genius, and variety. Master of the brush, he with equal success etched, engraved, and worked in metal. If he had not been a painter, he would have been a musician or an actor. Passion for the last profession assailed him midway in his career, and, as was usual with a new idea, took possession of him. In its pursuit he made a sacrifice from which most men would shrink. For years he was known in society and in the studios as the possessor of shapely whiskers, beard, and moustache. At a private view of the Academy some

time in the early 'nineties I was looking at a picture when a man came up, shook hands with impressive friendliness, and indicated some points in the canvas I had been studying. I turned and scanned the clean-shaven face without recognition. There was something familiar in the voice, and as he proceeded it flashed upon me that this was Herkomer, like Bottom, but in different fashion, translated. He told me he had written a play to be produced at his house at Bushey in which he would take the part of the principal character. As whiskers, beard, and moustache were incompatible with it, he ruthlessly sacrificed them.

Eighteen months before he died he wrote me a cheery letter on the state of his health:

My Dear Lucy:

It is too bad that we have met so seldom, but I was for years not able to go out. Now I am *re-born*, with a *newly made* inside,* and after twenty years' constant suffering feel the perfection of health. I trust, therefore, after the holidays, to see more of you and Lady Lucy.

My wife joins me in all good greetings.

Ever Yours,

HUBERT VON HERKOMER.

This reference indicates the performance of a marvellous surgical operation of the kind which restored the French General Gallifet to life after fearful wounds received at Gravelotte. In another letter he told me that, like Sargent, he had resolved to give up the profitable work of portrait-painting and devote himself to landscapes. With that object he drove about the country in his motor car sheltered from the inclemency of coming winter, and made sketches wherever he happened upon an attractive point of view.

During my editorship of the *London Daily News*, Herkomer approached me with a characteristic suggestion. He proposed that he should, anonymously of course, perform the functions of art critic of the paper. For reasons I do not remember the piquant prospect was not realized. Dining with me some eight years later I reminded him of the incident. He wrote on the following day:

Mar. 3, '94.

Dear Mr. Lucy:

No, I fear I was rash when I suggested to you the desire to criticise work of art—I *do* speak on art matters, and speech is my form of expression, and I always have opportunities to give vent to my feelings. Besides, signed articles would cripple my hands—speech is different—

Thank you all the same. Certainly send Mrs. Lucy's fan; after the 20th.

Yours ever,

HUBERT HERKOMER.

I had a most enjoyable evening with you. The fan alluded to was a birthday present to my wife on each blade of which some of the principal painters of the day drew an original sketch in black and white.

*I am a living Wonder of Surgical Art.

Books and Men

MR. HOWELLS'S SHAKESPEAREAN FANTASY.

Mr. Howells, attending an open-air performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at Cheltenham, had his attention attracted by two men who sat in front of him. They were of good height, but one was bulkier than the other, and seemed of a more cheerful disposition. At the end of the scene in which Bottom and his men rehearse their play, the slighter of Mr. Howells's neighbors leaned towards the other, and said:

"It always seemed to me that this was one of the places where you fell down."

"I know it," the stout gentleman acknowledged. "But it always got a laugh."

"From the groundlings."

"From her Grace herself."

"The taste of her Grace was not always to be trusted. In matters of humor, of fun, it was a little gross, no? A little rank?"

"She certainly had a gust for the high-flavored in anecdote; but I don't know that this scene is exactly of that sort. Coom to think of it, Oi—"

"Coom? Oi?" the other challenged.

"Come and I, Oi mane," the stout gentleman owned with a laugh. "I do forget my London accent mostly, now that I've got permanently back to my Warwickshire; it's so easy; after a language a dialect is like slippers after tight shoes. . . ."

It does not require a great deal of this conversation to convince Mr. Howells, and the reader of his book, that he is in the presence of the author of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." He is in that presence whichever theory you hold about the authorship, for the other, the melancholy gentleman, turns out to be the ghost of Lord Bacon, as his companion of the Warwickshire dialect is the ghost of Shakespeare.

The travels and adventures of the two Elizabethans with the American are described by Mr. Howells in his new, and slim, volume: "The Seen and Unseen at Stratford-on-Avon" (Harper; \$1 net)—a title to which he honestly, and obviously, adds the explanation, "A Fantasy."

Together they go up to Stratford for the Shakespearean festivals, they experience difficulties—especially the ghosts—in finding lodgings, they visit the sights of the town, and talk about many things. They talk about the Baconian theory—a delusion which nearly puts Lord Bacon into a frenzy.

"Paucity of biographical material!" he roars, when Mr. Howells gently suggests that as a reason for the repetition of unpleasant stories about Shake-

speare, "let me tell you that there is comparatively a superabundance of material, as Andrew Lang shows in his excellent book on 'Shakespeare, Bacon, and the Great Unknown.'"

And he bangs the open page of the book in his hand. It is a copy of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, by the way. Bacon has been reading up on Virgil. He goes on about Shakespeare.

"Far more is known of his life than of the lives of most other famous poets."

"Shakespeare smiled at me," writes Mr. Howells, "with a shrug of helpless protest, as if he would say, 'He *will* do it.'"

Later, Lord Bacon admits that he does not covet all of Shakespeare's fame. "I shouldn't mind having written the sonnets," he says, when their author was not by, "but the 'Venus and Adonis,' the 'Lucrece,' and some of the plays—excuse me! Honestly, would *you* like to have written 'Pericles, Prince of Tyre' or 'A Comedy of Errors'?"

Lord Bacon delivers a considerable address on Virgil. It rather bores Shakespeare, who takes refuge in watching a gardener—they are in the garden of New Place—trying to destroy some wasps. "He watched with a scarcely conscious smile the antics of the much-carbuncled gardener who had been pouring hot water down the wasps' nest in his flower bed and was stiffly capering about with the kettle in his hand to avoid the pursuit of the exasperated insects. As he finally disappeared in the direction of the kitchen, Shakespeare burst into a shout of laughter. . . ."

"May I ask," Bacon demanded, severely, "what is so very diverting in the suggestion I have made? We will not pursue it if you prefer not."

"Oh, it isn't that," Shakespeare choked out, "it's the ga-ga-gardener and the wa-wa-wasps!"

"I hadn't noticed," Bacon returned, with dry offence. "You must excuse my inadvertence," and he moved towards the house.

The ghost accompanies the living man to the Memorial Theatre, to the "Birthplace," and even to the church and grave. He talks most tenderly of his wife and of the son who died when a boy.

In the intervals, when the two great phantoms are absent, Mr. Howells wanders by himself in and about Stratford, engages in a quietly amusing quest for tea, is beset by the wasps which make tea-time in England (when accompanied by jam) an hour of peril, and has other pleasant adventures. The book would have been an agreeable book even if no ghosts had come from the grave—but I am glad they did come.

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON.

News for Bibliophiles

THE HISTORY OF ILLINOIS.

For several years Prof. Solon J. Buck, of the University of Illinois, has been gathering data for a comprehensive bibliography of the history of Illinois. A section of the work, in three parts, has just been published by the State Historical Library. The first, and more interesting, portion is an account of the books of the earlier travellers and writers who visited or described the country now embraced within the limits of the State, from 1763, when the Illinois country was, by the treaty of Paris, transferred from France to Great Britain, down to 1865. The earlier books of the first French explorers are reserved for another volume covering the French régime in Illinois.

The books of Travel and Description in the volume before us are arranged chronologically by date of writing, manuscripts not printed until recent times being entered under their original date. The journal of Col. George Croghan, who was sent out by the Government after the treaty of peace of 1763, is entered under 1765, though it was first printed in a magazine in 1831. It is interesting to note that the first English book containing an account of Illinois printed after the British took possession is Major Robert Rogers's "Concise Account of North America" (London, 1765). The earliest book of real importance was Capt. Philip Pittman's "Present State of the European Settlements on the Mississippi" (London, 1770); Pittman having been an English engineer who was in the Illinois country from 1765 to 1768. It contains a series of interesting maps. Most of the eighteenth century books included in the bibliography are general histories like Mitchell's "Present State of Great Britain and North America" (1767); Entick's "Historical and Geographical Description of the British Empire" (1770), and "The History of the British Dominions in North America" (1773); but there is one other important book by a captain in the British army, who spent several years in the Illinois country. This is Thomas Hutchins's "Topographical Description of Virginia, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and North Carolina," of which two editions were printed in 1778. A very rare pamphlet of fifteen pages, written in French, by a resident of Kaskaskia, "Invitation Sérieuse aux Habitants des Illinois," was printed in Philadelphia in 1772. Only a single copy is known, but should another come into the market, it would probably prove to be the most expensive book on Illinois in print.

In all, down to 1865, six hundred and sixty titles are given, generally with full transcripts and short collations, while numerous re-issues are recorded in the notes. Collectors of books on the Mississippi Valley generally will find this a useful compilation of books by many Western travellers such as Pike, Ashe, Schulz, Melish, Flint, Darby, James, Schoolcraft, Hall, and others who passed through Illinois, including also a large

number of emigrants' guidebooks, gazetteers, and general works.

With books it is generally the small pamphlets which are the most difficult to procure. Sabin records a work by George B. Douglas, with the title "Valley of the Mississippi and Customs of the Indians," published in Philadelphia in 1858, which, if ever printed, has totally disappeared. The book is only known from a German edition printed in Düsseldorf, probably in 1858, with the title "Das Illustrierte Mississippithal," which is itself very rare. It is a volume of 431 pages, with eighty colored views, by H. Lewis, a landscape painter of St. Louis, showing cities and points of interest along the whole length of the river. It is generally entered under the name of the artist. While the book was certainly written in the English language, it is doubtful if it was ever printed.

The second part of Professor Buck's volume describes no less than four hundred and fifty-nine county histories, atlases, and local biographical collections.

The third section records various issues of territorial and State laws of Illinois from 1788 to 1913. The introductory matter to each of the three sections is interesting, and there is an elaborate index.

Correspondence

COLUMBUS'S NEW CHARTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your editorial mention of the new charter of the city of Columbus, O., you say: "It is not easy to see why the principles of non-partisan election and preferential voting should not be applied to the Council as well as to the other elective officers."

As to the first matter, allow me to quote from the charter itself: "The ballots used in all elections shall be without party marks or designations." (Sec. 201.) And again, "Candidates for the office of City Councilman shall be nominated only by a non-partisan primary election." (Sec. 202.) The charter further provides that those candidates receiving the highest number of votes at the primary are to be on the ballot at the regular election, in number not exceeding twice the number of vacancies to be filled. (Sec. 205.) Whether this will secure the ablest Councilmen is a question for experience to answer, but it is certainly non-partisan.

It was felt by the Commission, and almost generally conceded, that to choose three or four men for Council by preferential ballot would so complicate the ballot that it would be a veritable mathematical problem. Perhaps they believed that the problem of choosing five men to conduct the affairs of the city was a heavy enough burden for the electors.

L. S. PAXTON.

Columbus, O., May 18.

[Our information was obtained from Columbus newspapers. We are glad to have it corrected by reference to the charter.—ED. THE NATION.]

"THE RIGHT TO PUNISH."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your discussion of the right attitude towards malefactors, would it subvert your conclusions if the summarizing sentence were to read: ". . . It is necessary to hold, with clear conviction, without tremor or apology, that the right to protect society from the criminal rests on the solid foundation of the highest public expediency"?

"To punish" suggests to the average mind "An eye for an eye; a tooth for a tooth"—in a word, revenge. Its meaning actually is, to inflict pain, to chastise, to castigate, to chasten. Is it clear, without apology or tremor, that we ever have the right, deliberately, without his consent, to inflict pain on any human being? Society to exist certainly has the right to protect itself from everything that is noxious, harmful, or destructive; to segregate the contagiously diseased, the irresponsibly insane, and the criminal; to deprive them of their liberty until such a time, if ever, when they are no longer a menace to society. But that right does not imply the right to punish, in the old, familiar sense of the word.

Without a trace of weak sentimentality, but out of the deepest fountains of wisdom, justice, and pity, based on ample experience, it is quite possible to contrive a prison, the counterpart of the modern hospital and insane asylum, of which the discharged prisoner shall say: "That is the best thing that ever happened to me!"

Does the deliberate infliction of pain often win that reaction?

S. MARSHALL ILSLEY.

Santa Barbara, Cal., May 11.

"THE HONOR SYSTEM."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If among the various honor systems of conducting examinations which have been adopted by the colleges of this country the definite article is to be applied to one *par excellence*, it may fairly be claimed by the honor system of the University of Virginia—not only because of its seventy-odd years of successful working, but because it has served as a pattern for so many other institutions. I hope I may be pardoned, therefore, if I err when I understand Professor Firkins's article in the *Nation* of May 7 as intended to apply to a system having the essential features of the one in use here. If this be the case, his misunderstanding, both of the spirit of the system and of the letter of its code, is almost complete. His misconception is shared by many college teachers who have not a first-hand acquaintance with the subject, and I believe it will be of interest to your readers to learn the essential features of the honor system of the University of Virginia.

The absence of the instructor from the examination room is *not* an essential feature of the system. If Professor Firkins's view of it as a bargain between the faculty and the student body to abolish surveillance in return for a written pledge were a correct interpretation of its spirit, I fully agree that it would be

"honesty by purchase"—and at too high a price. As a matter of fact, the instructor is supposed to be present; not as a spy, but to give dignity and formality to the occasion. Far from resenting his presence, the students prefer it. Nor is the honor system primarily a method of making honest men out of rogues.

As I regard it, there are four conditions necessary for the successful working of the system: a student body made up of men with a keen sense of personal honor; a tradition of uniform working; the written pledge, and a single penalty of dismissal for infractions of the code. Let us consider these in order.

In the first place, an overwhelming majority of the student body must be personally honorable. The percentage of men who could even be tempted to cheat must be very small. The honor system makes each of these students throw the cloak of his personal honor about the fair name of the university and the class; it makes of the individual consciences of the honest men a corporate conscience, powerful in moulding public opinion and in enforcing the law of the code. Its essence is the soul of democratic government. It is well known that the average student prizes the rewards and honors which his fellow students bestow far more highly than the empty academic honors which emanate from faculty approval. He is taught by the honor system to fear their judgments. The faculty takes no part in this; if an instructor has evidence of cheating, he lays it before the student "honor committee," which takes the matter out of his hands. The real gain to the university is not the honest examination. That is only a by-product. The gain is in the possession of a student body trained to self-government.

Secondly, there must be no failures of justice. An undiscovered cheat does little harm to any but himself, but it is essential that punishment should follow detection as surely as night follows day. It is this tradition of uniform working which gives to the student opinion its assimilative character, so that it moulds the usually susceptible freshman spirit until it enters into its full share in the understanding and guardianship of the honor of the university. This feature is very hard to copy; it is what makes the adoption of the honor system *de novo* by an institution a different matter from the adoption of a card-index system or the installation of a heating plant.

Thirdly, no feature of the honor system is more misunderstood than the pledge, and I have heard criticisms similar to those of Professor Firkins from a number of college teachers. The effect of the pledge is to make the offence specific. "Cheating" is a vague term; a man may obtain or give aid in an examination in various ways. It is hard for a body of students to estimate the moral obloquy attaching to this or that particular line of conduct, and in no case should they be required to do so. The honor system is not a system of ethics. It is a code, and any breach of the code should be as clear and definite as possible. The pledge accomplishes this. The

offending student can plead no ignorance after signing that pledge, can make no claim that he failed to understand the requirements. "I, A. B., do hereby certify upon honor that I have neither given nor received aid during the time of this examination, whether written, oral, or in print, in giving the above answers." Here is no room for interpretation—he is not supposed to interpret. Even if he gives aid unintentionally, or receives it unwillingly, he is required to state the fact, and failure to state it is a breach of honor. And not only to the offender, but to his fellow students the pledge supplies a basis of action. The requirement of the pledge makes of the honor committee, not a set of judges to interpret the law, but a jury to determine the facts. The question is not, "Did A. B. do a dishonorable thing?" but "Did A. B. knowingly sign his name to a false pledge?" Honest men might differ as to the first question, but reasonable men would agree on the second.

Finally, there is the single penalty. Just as the honor committee is not required to interpret the law, it is not called upon to fix the sentence. The sentence is automatic and unchangeable.

I hope I have succeeded in removing some of the misconceptions to which I have referred. I have tried to show that the honor system is not a device to save the faculty trouble, neither is it an ethical system holding before the students a collection of abstract principles and monitions. In its essence it is student self-government, and a government by law. CARROLL MASON SPARROW.

University of Virginia, May 9.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In reply to my article on the "Honor System," Professor Sparrow suggests that my misunderstanding of the system now in force in Virginia is "almost complete." I regret my unfortunate condition the more because it casts a stigma of negligence upon an institution which I unite with Professor Sparrow in respecting. Some two months ago I wrote to the president of the University of Virginia, telling him that I had written an article on the honor system which I was unwilling to offer to the public without some first-hand official information as to its practical workings in his University; I asked for printed matter, reports or bulletins, and begged him to add a single word of personal testimony to the effectiveness of the system in his own day. The president ignored my appeal to his private judgment, and contented himself with handing my letter to a graduate student of twenty years who shared with me in a very courteous and obliging way his personal experience of the workings of the honor system. There was, it seemed, nothing documentary or official to be shared. But let us see how far Professor Sparrow's interpretation of the system is subversive of my points.

He makes much of the instructor's presence in the room on test days in Virginia. But the instructor's departure from the room, both in my article and in life itself, is merely a pictorial symbol, so to speak, for that renouncement

of supervision in return for which the student undertakes to play the part of an honest man. While this understanding persists, the objection is valid, whether the instructor leaves the room or turns his back or shuts his eyes or merely shuts his mind and his mouth.

Professor Sparrow lays down four conditions for the successful working of the system. The first two of these are "a student body made up of men with a keen sense of personal honor" and "a tradition of uniform working." These conditions restrict greatly the application of the system, and it is the question of suitability to schools in general rather than its prosperity in the parent institution that interests the public at large. The proposal to introduce the honor system into a given school disavows the existence of the tradition and hints pretty clearly that the standard of student honor is inadequate. In the absence of two of his indispensable conditions, Professor Sparrow's estimate of the probable fortunes of the honor system in these troubled institutions must be quite as lugubrious as mine.

The most interesting and the most curious part of Professor Sparrow's argument is the reason he assigns for the institution of the pledge. The jurisdiction of honor, it would seem, is universally and reverently acknowledged in Virginia, but the meaning of honor is so elastic that the only way to bind the most honorable man to any particular act of virtue is to pledge him beforehand to that act. Honest men might differ as to whether A. B. did a dishonorable thing when he gave or received aid in the examination; in other words, some honest men approve of cheating, others not, and the only way of circumventing the difficult class of honest men who endorse cheating is to pledge them at the outset not to cheat.

These are logical, not actual, consequences: I am neither so unjust nor so stupid as to accuse our brothers in Virginia—least of all the gentlemanly critic of my own views—of living up, or rather down, to the deductions from their philosophy. But I believe that the argument in question discloses the existence of a real danger, the danger that concentration on the merely verbal aspect of honor may diminish or confuse the sensibility to its other obligations.

O. W. FIRKINS.

University of Minnesota, May 17.

"ONE OF THE GIANTS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If those who go to press every week or so on the subject of Mediævalism in graduate English study have time for facts, the following, taken from the Official Register of Harvard University, may be commended to their attention. I list ten primarily graduate courses for 1912-13, giving immediately after each the graduate registration. The courses of special study are placed by themselves.—Romantic Poets, 34; Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries, 21; Early English (1200-1450), 19; Early English Metrical Romances, 19; Beowulf, 17; Carlyle, 13; Drama from 1590 to the Closing of

the Theatres, 12; Shakespeare, 12; Wordsworth and Coleridge, 11; Seventeenth Century Prose, 9. Special study was pursued in Anglo-Saxon by three graduate students, in Middle English by two, in Modern English (under the direction of Professors Greenough, Kittredge, and Neilson) by five, not counting the work in drama by two. Observing that Beowulf and the Early English courses fill comfortable berths between the seventeenth and the eighteenth century course on the one hand and Carlyle on the other, should you say either that mediæval studies are neglected or that they are cultivated at the expense of other subjects?

The following list of doctoral thesis subjects is instructive: William Godwin; Horace in English Literature from 1500 to 1800; Joseph Dennie and his Circle: A Study in American Literature from 1792 to 1812; Illustrations of Chaucer in the Life of the Fourteenth Century; Humanitarianism in the English Periodical Essay and English Poetry, 1700-1760; Dramatic Irony: Studies in its History, its Definition, and its Use Especially in Shakespeare and Sophocles; Celtic Influences in the English Literature of the Eighteenth Century; A History of English Stage Conditions from 1500 to 1870; English Pageantry: An Historical Outline. Note the subjects involving special study of the classics. And in this connection, should we not account it one of life's little ironies—not to say a piece of its general foolishness—that an accomplished classicist, whose English scholarship is based squarely upon classical learning, should now be accused of casting his influence against the humanities? Indeed, the thing is ridiculous; and must seem so except to those who confuse the humanist on parade with the humanist of solid attainment. To such persons we can only say: *Procul, O procul, este profani.* H. S. V. JONES.

University of Illinois, May 15.

SAINT-SAËNS'S ESTIMATE OF GOUNOD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: M. J. G. Prod'homme, one of the best-known Parisian authorities on musical matters, has recently issued two volumes of documents, nearly all here published for the first time, bearing on the life of Charles Gounod ("Gounod: Sa Vie et ses Œuvres"; Paris, Delagrave). The work opens with a short Preface by M. Camille Saint-Saëns, who gives this estimate of his fellow-composer:

Gounod tenta de faire en France ce que Mozart avait déjà effectué si heureusement en Autriche, un opéra tout ensemble vocal et instrumental, mélodique et symphonique, laissant à la voix le rôle principal, recherchant avec soin la vérité dans la déclamation, cette vérité, principe fondamental de l'ancienne Ecole française, que l'Ecole moderne, légère, coquette, ne cherchant qu'à plaire, avait eu le tort de négliger.

Quels obstacles il eut à surmonter, ceux-là seuls qui l'ont vu à l'œuvre peuvent en avoir connaissance. "Vous ne réussirez jamais," lui disait-on; "vos œuvres ne sortiront pas d'un cercle d'admirateurs intimes." Il laissait dire et marchait dans sa voie.

Les œuvres pondérées, discrètes de

Charles Gounod, si elles font hausser les épaules à nos modernes esthètes, n'ont pas pour cela démerité près du grand public; celui-ci n'a pas cessé de se laisser prendre au charme de cette musique où la saine raison s'allie si naturellement aux voluptés permises, celles qui ne blessent ni l'oreille ni le goût.

Est-ce à dire que les œuvres de Gounod soient parfaites? Non. Nul n'est parfait. Mais ce qui manque à Gounod est si peu de chose! Possédant à fond l'art d'écrire, cet art qui manquait à Gluck et même à Berlioz—deux génies!—il n'eut pas cette grande virtuosité de la plume dont certains maîtres ont fait leur gloire, mais dont certains aussi n'ont pu se défendre d'abuser, au détriment de la clarté, au détriment du bon sens. Dire simplement ce qu'on veut dire, le dire bien, le dire juste, n'est-ce pas quelque chose? C'est assez, c'est exactement ce qu'il faut dans la musique d'église, aussi trouvera-t-on dans le Temple ce que Gounod a écrit de plus pur et de meilleur; à certains égards, il est incomparable.

Mais ce n'est pas là ce qui l'eût rendu populaire; pour le grand public, Gounod, c'est "Faust," c'est "Romeo." Il est bien à regretter que des scrupules, assurément respectables, aient empêché les héritiers de Gounod de laisser représenter "Maître Pierre," son œuvre posthume; il y a là des pages exquises, apportant à son œuvre une note inédite. Sa gloire peut s'en passer; ses admirateurs y auraient trouvé de nouveaux motifs d'admiration, de nouvelles raisons de chérir le maître que ceux qui ont eu le bonheur d'entendre sa voix charmeresse, de goûter son enseignement, n'oublieront jamais.

THEODORE STANTON.

Paris, May 10.

THE GOTHIC ROMANCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Chesterton has somewhere defined a Socialist as a man who thinks an umbrella and a walking-stick are the same, because both go into an umbrella-stand. What shall we call the historians of the Gothic Romance who class Beckford's "Vathek" with Walpole's "Castle of Otranto," because both contain thrills? Frequently the classification is made, explicitly or by implication. Prof. Herford, for example, says, "The novel of terror, created in jest by Horace Walpole, had taken imposing shape in the Oriental imaginings of Beckford's 'Vathek.'" ("The Age of Wordsworth," p. 92.)

Is there, as a matter of fact, any but the vaguest connection between the two, so far as either external or internal evidence shows? Shall we not, indeed, clarify all our muddy discussion of the sophisticated romances written under the Gothic revival, and afterwards, if we first make even such simple distinctions among them as the older romancers made among their writings?

Ne sont que trois matières à nul home entendant, De France, et de Bretagne, et de Rome le grant.

The sophisticated romances of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, similarly, embrace matter of miracle, of chivalry, of magic, of myth, of pseudo-science. If we are to study creative impulse, contact with audience, and narrative workmanship in these romances (and little else in them is worthy of interest), we need to study them in these divisions. To group together all the tales of wonder written in prose, as if they formed a school or carried on a

tradition, leaves us with Chesterton's Socialist. HARRY W. HASTINGS.

Hanover, N. H., May 20.

"ACROSS UNKNOWN SOUTH AMERICA."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Such marked publicity has been given to Mr. Henry Savage Landor's "Across Unknown South America," so many favorable reviews of it have been written by writers not conversant with the country discussed, and the two volumes are so imposing and attractive in appearance, that it seems desirable to call the attention of your readers to a review of this book written by Dr. J. C. Branner, which has just appeared in *Science*.

Dr. Branner, who has recently become president of Stanford University, is probably the foremost living authority on Brazilian geography.

Any one can see by looking at Mr. Henry Savage Landor's volumes that the only part of South America which he covered in his journey that was at all "unknown" was in Brazil. As no one is better qualified to speak authoritatively on Brazilian exploitation than Dr. Branner, I should like to call your particular attention to the following sentences from the review just referred to:

After a few days in this "unknown" region he came out in the road leading from Rosario to Diamantino, and near the latter place took a canoe, without the necessary outfit, and descended the Arinos and Tapajos.

Here again he seems to regard the region as unknown. But the Arinos and Tapajos, in spite of their many and difficult falls and rapids, have been navigated constantly for more than a hundred and fifty years.

After referring to various accounts of this journey printed in the older works of travellers, Dr. Branner goes on to say:

If it is too much to expect that the writer of such a book should take the trouble to acquaint himself with the older literature of the subject, surely it is not unreasonable to expect him to look through the indexes of the Royal Geographical Society of London in order to find out whether the region he traversed was unknown. Volume thirty-two of the *Journal* of that society, pages 268-280, contains an account by Chandless of his trip down that river more than fifty years ago, together with his determinations of latitudes and longitudes. . . .

Pages 181 to 230 of Volume I are devoted to the Bororó Indians, their customs, and legends. One is amazed at the great amount of material gathered by a person who knew nothing of the language. The length of his stay among them is not definitely given, but he left them before May 20 (p. 233), and as he had entered Matto Grosso May 11, it is clear that he was with the Bororós less than a week. . . .

From a scientific point of view, such a book is not worthy of review space. The cosmic and ethnologic theories propounded in the preface, and the evidence on almost every page of untrustworthiness of statement, put it quite out of the rank of books that can be regarded as contributing to any branch of science. It is a great pity that so much energy and money should have been expended to such little purpose.

HIRAM BINGHAM.

Yale University, May 18.

Literature

MONARCHS OF THE MANCHU DYNASTY.

Annals and Memoirs of the Court of Peking (from the Sixteenth to the Twentieth Century). By E. Backhouse and J. O. P. Bland. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$4 net.

The authors of "China Under the Empress Dowager" laid the world under obligations by writing the life of a woman of the East whose appetite for power was nearly equalled by her capacity for ruling; they present to us now a prologue and a sequel to their account of the "Old Buddha" in a review from contemporary sources of all the monarchs of the dynasty. To Mr. Backhouse must be ascribed the selection and translation of the material. Mr. Bland's share in the book is apparently that of the "practiced writer" who has employed his more experienced pen in the discursive remarks connecting the various translations. Only those familiar with the abundance and diffuseness of the originals from which these excerpts are made can appreciate the skill that has welded them into a volume of such dramatic interest as the one before us. To Mr. Bland are also probably due the reflections upon "the surface phenomena of Young China's political activities," echoing the opinions of his "Recent Events and Past Policies," reviewed in these columns last year. His skepticism as to the worth of the doctrinaire revolution of 1911 is fairly supported by its failure to transform a race attitude and political habits acquired by ages of experience. What he says supplies a proper corrective to sentimentalists in our part of the world who have misinterpreted the signs in the recent upheaval in China and imagined a complete reversal in the secular operation of an antique governmental system. But while we cannot expect and ought not to desire a denial of China's inheritance on the part of her people, change of a drastic sort is necessary before she can assume her rightful place among nations; and such a change Young China has at least initiated.

Even whilst we recognize that its shrill-voiced iconoclasm and loud beating of imported drums present but little justification for optimism, yet this, at least, must be placed to its credit, that its fervor of zeal for Western learning has been, and is, an intelligent protest—a conscious reaction—against the petrification of the Confucian system, against "the letter that killeth"; a wholesome breeze of dawn, stirring the dead bones in the dark valleys of Chinese tradition. The lamp which they have lighted can never again be extinguished; the old order must pass, giving place to the new. It will be well for China and the world if, in destroying the fetters of

the past, the leaders of the people find grace and wisdom to seek once more the pure well of moral philosophy from which the early sages drew their sweetness and their light.

Those already familiar with the outlines of Chinese history will be curious to learn if these new sources materially modify the standard accounts. Only one statement seems to call for comment here, mainly because the authors follow Manchu rather than Chinese authorities. The conventional story of the establishment of the Manchus upon the throne of Peking attributes their success to the heroic decision of Wu San-keui, that great Chinese commander preferring to invite the Manchus to the capital rather than to serve under the successful rebel Li, whose capture of Peking had driven the last Ming sovereign to suicide. Wu's moral greatness at this crisis does not appear to be of quite the same sort as that ascribed to him by Chinese historians. There is no question of his military genius; he must be placed high among the world's great captains, "but of his principles and patriotism," we are warned, "the less said the better. . . . His final decision, to throw in his lot with the Manchus against the rebel and violate his avowed allegiance to the Ming Heir Apparent, was due, not to love of his country, but to his passion for a certain singing-girl, of whom, after the fall of Peking, Li had deprived him." Upon the authority of a contemporary diary it appears that Wu first fought and defeated Li because the latter had taken the singing-girl into his harem; then, when Li in great straits sent him the girl, together with the acknowledged Ming Heir, he agreed to an offensive and defensive alliance with the rebel commander against the common enemy, on the basis of dividing China into two empires; but upon Li's retreating toward Peking the general joined the Manchus, renouncing both his treaty and his allegiance to the Mings.

The situation was extremely critical for all parties, and it is scarcely surprising that the testimony should be conflicting, but the Manchus proved themselves to be superior politicians and won their success by the promptness with which they saw and seized their opportunity. It was at this juncture that they showed their hand and gave Wu San-keui no option but to throw in his lot with them, abandoning the Mings, or to fight against their superior forces. Wu hoped to be able to keep the Manchus busy with pourparlers while he carried out his plans and took stock of the situation at Peking, but Prince Jui, the Manchu Regent, suspicious of his intentions, hurried on from Shan-hai-kwan to Chin-chou. There, hearing of Wu's loyalist proclamations, he sent him an urgent message forbidding him to enter

Peking in state and declaring that no Ming Emperor would be recognized. "Wu made his choice, and the Ming dynasty's chances of restoration went with it."

Wu's military prowess subsequently aided the Manchus, when for seventeen years the Chinese resisted their domination, but they paid dearly for it in the end. One of the few Chinese generals consistently loyal to their service throughout the period of the conquest, he was rewarded with the satrapy of the two southwestern provinces, where he held royal state and maintained an army of his own. But he rebelled at last, when K'ang Hsi, in 1674, undertook to reduce his independent authority, and carried on a war against overwhelming odds, which for sheer courage and desperation was one of the most amazing adventures of modern Chinese history. He died unbeaten in the fourth year of a fierce but futile reaction against a dynasty that had already proved its fitness to govern China. Wu is China's last great heroic figure.

With the wars and policies of K'ang Hsi—made known long ago to Europe by the Jesuit missionaries—this volume has little to do. It is not a history, or it might be accused of offering us a distorted portrait of her greatest monarch. As an amplification of history it is, however, both significant and thoroughly interesting. So graphic is the delineation of these documents that the whole nature of the man is made plain, shifting from strength to silliness, from dignity to pettiness, until we see him at last stripped in the nakedness of truth. Such a view of an Oriental despot is rarely vouchsafed to Occidentals. He began his reign as a child under a regency appointed by his father, but at the end of five years, aided and abetted by a strong-minded grandmother, he dismissed the regents, partly, we are told, through displeasure at their treatment of the Catholic fathers at the capital, and assumed the government at the age of thirteen. One of these regents, the Duke Ao Pai, was quite too powerful to be crushed off-hand. While visiting the palace of his grandmother to consult her upon a safe method of dealing with the haughty Minister, K'ang Hsi found a eunuch throwing dice, and, taking them up, made a cast on his own account. They fell, as it happened, "all different"—the highest possible throw in the Chinese game—upon which the old lady exclaimed, "You needn't fear him any longer!" The young Emperor was so heartened that he immediately got the Princes together to consult upon the proper punishment for the offending grandee. There is no one so great, it appears, as to be regardless of support, even on an Asiatic throne. The Emperor of China has never been safe unless he could count upon the backing of

the members of his family and the palace officials. The authority of the old Dowager also calls for comment, here as in other incidents. No decisive step was taken in her lifetime without consulting her, and wisdom in the present instance seems to have been justified in her children, for by advising against Ao Pai's execution by the "lingering death" and in favor of a gracious permission to commit suicide, she prevented a dangerous palace *émeute* on the part of his numerous henchmen.

K'ang Hsi had thirty-five sons, twenty-four of whom attained to manhood. The domestic history of his long reign is retailed here as a striking indictment of the results of polygamy partially to "explain the failure of the East's patriarchal system as an integrating social force." The conclusion advanced is not altogether obvious, for European history in the days of absolutism reveals about as much discord within its dynastic houses as does Asiatic. The great Ottoman Sultans met this difficulty in a masterful manner by murdering their brothers before they could imperil the succession by fomenting rebellion; polygamy cannot in their case be accused of producing a weak or incapable line of rulers. Among the Manchus, as among the Mongols who preceded them in China, the decay of the family on the throne seems to have been due to the enervating influence of a culture higher than a semi-barbarous race could endure, while a continued peace deprived them of their normal occupation of fighting. K'ang Hsi and Ch'ien Lung, its two great monarchs, wisely employed their warlike clans in extending the limits of empire, but when the task was accomplished by the conquest of every territory within reach of their arms, the Manchus displayed no ability in amplifying the institutions of an ancient state or in so ordering its economic life that it could profit by the commercial and industrial expansion made possible by intercourse with Europeans. While the inception of a "hermit nation" policy, checking the normal advance of the country, cannot truthfully be imputed to the Manchus more than to their Chinese officials, we may see that the desire for isolation was inspired in each of the two races by different motives. The Tartar was indifferent to trade and did not care to promote it; the Chinese, desiring trade intensely, feared the competition of new peoples. All this has been changed recently; but while the Chinese, abandoning his high-protection theories, is able to live and learn, the Tartar, deprived of his old vigor by two centuries of palace life, sinks helplessly into that stronger racial mass which has absorbed so many of the same masterful stock.

To the disorders arising from family dissensions in the reigns of K'ang Hsi

and his son was added the demoralization of government by favorites under his grandson, Ch'ien Lung. This Emperor's Grand Secretary, Ho Shun, a Manchu guardsman raised to the highest office in the empire, amassed by incredible rascality a fortune roughly estimated at seventy million sterling, which was, of course, taken from him when the day of reckoning came at the accession of Chia Ch'ing. The example of his prodigious and systematic corruption demoralized the whole official class of the empire under whom, as in every patriarchal government, the morals of the people suffered deterioration when they began to reflect the disorders of those in authority over them. So matters passed from bad to worse in capital and country during the whole nineteenth century. With the ascendancy of favorites at court came inevitably the return of eunuch influence, the peculiar curse of the Ming dynasty, and the canker which eats into the heart of all despotisms where the harem is maintained. We know already something of this influence in the story of the Empress Dowager and her myrmidon, the eunuch Li Lien-Ying. Her successor, Lung Yü, Kuang Hsü's widow, imitated her in establishing one Chang Yuan-Fu as head eunuch of the household, and into his supple hands were gathered during the brief course of the regency powers so considerable as to make him in fact the Government of China. A story is told of this insolent parasite having a duke of the Imperial line publicly whipped by his retainers at a horse-race, and so completely did his mistress regard herself and her retainers above the law that no one was punished for the scandal. This occurred only a few months before the Manchu dynasty, their ill-gotten gains and their misbegotten issue, were swept from the throne. One cannot regret their fall. If this volume has a moral, it is that the Tartar clan, under which China has been so humiliated before the world, was incorrigible, and that the first step in her regeneration necessitated their removal.

Taken all together, we have in these pages a wonderful repository of the big and the little, the sublime and the stupid in old China. The book has a value, far transcending its interest as a series of stories and scenes, in relation to our estimate of the Chinese people and their ideas. It shows how far wrong we were a few years ago in our endeavors to interpret the motives of their conduct towards us, and to what an extent foreign speculation upon these matters was sheer guesswork. And when it came to guessing, the intuitions of some Americans, like Burlingame, who were laughed at for their opinions, prove to have been nearer the truth than those of many merchants and diplomatists of other nations.

CURRENT FICTION.

A Child of the Orient. By Demetra Vaka (Mrs. Kenneth Brown). Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Under the thinnest disguise of fiction we have here another attractive volume of reminiscences dealing with domestic life in the Turkish capital, both Ottoman and Greek. Demetra Vaka is herself a child of the Orient and of Greek parentage, and her narrative begins with memories of childhood. She recalls her fifth birthday when her uncle presented her with a Greek flag and impressed it upon her that the flag stood for the highest civilization the world has known. He also reminded her of her duty to hate the Asiatic yoke and to rear sons for the great war of liberation. Convinced of the inferiority of Turkish civilization and of the falseness of its Prophet, the child endeavored to spread her views among her Turkish playmates. Nevertheless, the passive quiet of the Mohammedan life won her, and to the moment of her departure for America her closest friends were of the hated race. The book is rich in anecdote illustrative of the attitude of Turkey's Greek subjects to their masters. Amusing are the author's own escapades of childhood, which brought her into touch with extraordinary persons and places.

The Salamander. By Owen Johnson. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co.

What Will People Say? By Rupert Hughes. New York: Harper & Bros.

The meaning of a city is always written large in its women. The French understand this, and their language permits them a graceful expression of the correlation between Paris and the Parisienne. We have no name for New York's feminine product, nor has her existence been very fully recognized in our literature. This is the advantage that Mr. Johnson and Mr. Hughes shared when it occurred to the former to write the drama of the Girl and the City, and to the latter to record afresh one of the ever-recurring fatalities of passion.

In his choice of a heroine Mr. Johnson was blessed with a bright idea—the idea alluringly developed in his "Foreword." The Salamander of the preface is a phenomenon we have all watched and wondered at—the innocent adventuress, precocious at substituting the vivid enterprise of being a woman for the dull problem of self-support, who has acquired the rudiments of her curious art somewhere in the obscure hinterland of the interior and is drawn to New York like a moth to the flame. The degree to which she can safely make good looks serve in lieu of any other livelihood is, of course, the chief point upon which

speculation centres. With some lack of discretion, it seems, Mr. Johnson has gone the full length, and represents his golden-haired Dodo as subsisting altogether upon the proceeds realized from the gifts of admirers (a whole host of these kept in a state of properly respectful subjugation), yet all untempted by the powerful capitalist who wants her for his mistress, or the theatrical manager who proposes to marry and star her. A further moot point—what becomes of a Salamander?—is settled by letting an ex-inebriate (saved by her influence and possessed of a comfortable number of millions) marry her just in the nick of time to prevent her elopement with an unhappily married city magistrate. It will be seen that the author himself has quickly put an end to all interest except that inherent in the development of an amusing absurdity. He recognizes the Salamander as the baffling little animal she is, surmises that hers is merely the brief impunity of youth, but goes no further towards explaining her. In his anxiety to keep her lovable, he has reduced her to a dainty impossibility, a pretty actress giving an exhibition of childish incorrigibility in a stage picture of New York.

"What Will People Say?" is a much more vigorous piece of work. The author has seized upon the current dance craze as a mood of civil self-revelation. He has written with some verbal gesticulations that are truly extraordinary, not to say grotesque, yet after all not inappropriate to a tale of the barbarous tango era. It is word-slinging, nothing less, and often of the rudest sort, but surprisingly deft in conveying a lively impression of New York, characteristic sights and sounds, sensations of speed and danger, costly perfections, ostentations, crudities, and always the smell of money in the air. His heroine is the cool-headed society girl who understands everything except the passions latent in her own heart. A loveless marriage puts her at their mercy with no defence beyond an instinctive dread of scandal. She is the tragic exponent of all this need of luxury and excitement bred by artificial conditions, very lovely in her exotic perfection, very pitiful in her helplessness before the tempest—a life lacking the beauty of any guiding principle, lived in a hurry without time to think. Wherever else the author's artistry fails him (and the plot is the oldest known to man and clumsily patched at that), the conception of this character at least seems to us very fine. Not less interesting is the genuine thrill of enthusiasm with which Mr. Hughes communicates his discovery that an old cosmopolitan truism can flourish admirably in our own soil—"He only knows a city who has loved its soul in a woman."

"AFRICA FOR THE AFRICANS."

The Real South Africa. By Ambrose Pratt. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$2.50 net.

Whatever opinion may be held as to the general conclusions at which Mr. Pratt has arrived, there can be no doubt that he has written a book of extraordinary interest. In undertaking to give a picture of the "Real South Africa" he has essayed an ambitious task, and it is certain that, particularly in South Africa itself, some of his conclusions will be bitterly criticised. Mr. Pratt accompanied Mr. Andrew Fisher, the Prime Minister of Australia, when the latter visited South Africa in 1910, "to convey to the people of the South African Union the fraternal greetings and good wishes of the people of the Commonwealth of Australia on their achievement of union" (we quote from the introduction written by Mr. Fisher), and some of the material included in the present volume was contributed originally to the *Melbourne Age*. The author possesses the instinct for news of the trained journalist, and adds to an indefatigable industry in the acquiring of facts the gift of presenting them in an orderly and readable manner. Furthermore, he has spared no pains in going to the first sources of information and his arguments are supported by liberal quotations from Government reports and statistics. On the other hand, it may be argued that it was hardly possible in the course of a comparatively brief visit to gain an experience of the country sufficiently comprehensive to warrant as definite a statement of conclusions as he gives us, and it will almost certainly occur to those who differ from him that his investigations, with however honest an intent they were undertaken, may to a certain extent have been influenced by preconceived ideas and by the sympathy with the point of view of labor that is to be looked for in an Australian.

The British jingo who still considers the South African war to have been a just and holy enterprise and is fond of alluding to the new dominion as "the brightest jewel in the crown of empire," will find little comfort in these pages; but neither will those who used to be termed Pro-Boers. The two parties in South African politics are, in his view, playing the same game that Mr. Chesterton accuses politicians in England of playing, but with a more sinister purpose. They have their petty differences and are sharply divided along racial lines, these differences showing themselves principally on questions of language and education, but "apart from that they aim at cognate goals, they profess the same ideals, and their policies are undistinguishable. Both parties are essentially conservative." The business of the

Dutch Nationalists is to look after the Boer farmer and to protect him from taxation, and in return for this they are willing to let the British Unionists have their way with the mines, whose interests they represent. Both are banded together to check the rise of the native from a position of virtual servitude.

The native question is the crucial one in South Africa, and Mr. Pratt preaches from the text, "South Africa is a black man's country." The root of all the evils which afflict the land, as Mr. Pratt sees it, is in the pernicious caste system which has been substituted for slavery, and this system, while putting grievous injustice on the black, is working even more insidious harm for the white population. Through it the black man has attained a practical monopoly of the unskilled labor of the country. Work that a Kaffir can do a white man must not do; that is the unwritten law of the land, and it has its consequence in an alarming spread of indigence among the white population. Those who have not been trained to skilled labor—and the enervating caste system tends to deny to most of the rising generation the opportunity of being so trained—are destined not to labor at all. Mr. Pratt sums up the situation pessimistically as follows:

For the unskilled laborer, the farm hand, the moneyless agriculturist, the shop assistant, the clerk, and the professional man, South Africa has little to offer save a miserable existence and a pauper's grave. There are thousands of such people scattered all over the country seeking work and finding none; eating the bread of charity and living by crime.

These are the people who, to quote from the report of a Royal Commission on indigence, "are bound to join the ranks of those who have already become the victims of the caste system—the poor whites."

It is interesting, in this connection and in view of recent events in South Africa, to read Mr. Pratt's estimate of the Labor party, as he saw it, in the awkward position of which at the time he found "something infinitely pathetic":

... its ideals are broad-minded, progressive and democratic, without being tainted or defaced with rabid Socialistic doctrine. It aims at the establishment of a South African democracy; the opening up of the unskilled labor market to the whites; the destruction of caste prejudice; universal compulsory education; a standard living wage; an eight-hour day, and equality of opportunity for all.

Yet, we learn, "the Dutch Nationalists ignore its existence, and the Unionists treat it as a joke." The joke recently narrowly missed being on the Unionists, and the Nationalist Government recognized the existence of the labor movement to such an extent that it put the

country under martial law and exported ten of the leaders.

The black man, meanwhile, according to Mr. Pratt, is profiting by his opportunities and is gradually insinuating himself more and more into the field of white labor. Two opposite solutions of the problem are offered: to repress the black man by every means, which is the method that most appeals to the average South African, be he Boer or British; or to assist the Kaffir in his efforts to rise by affording him increasing facilities for educating himself. Whichever method be adopted, the author takes a gloomy view of the outlook for the white man. The South African natives are "naturally a capable and gifted people," and it will be quite impossible to keep them down. They exhibit a passion for education, in marked contradistinction to the phlegmatic Boer of the veld, who opposes education by every means in his power and even demands payment for allowing his children to attend school, and already there is a well-defined movement, centring in the Ethiopian Church, which has for its motto "Africa for the Africans." The hopes of the black people are focussed on Basutoland, the independent negro state, subject only to the suzerainty of Great Britain, concerning the development and resources of which Mr. Pratt writes a chapter of extraordinary interest, containing information of a somewhat startling character. From here is expected to come the salvation of the race, and Mr. Pratt hardly disguises his conviction that the day will come when the question of the supremacy of black or white will have to be decided on the battlefield.

For the Boer of the veld Mr. Pratt has little admiration. He is an anachronism, lazy, shiftless, dirty, and ignorant. His methods of farming are obsolete, and he is satisfied to produce a bare subsistence for himself and his family. The work of the farm, such as it is, is done by Kaffirs; the Boer lounges on his stoep and smokes.

The veld Boer's ideals of life are sensual. He exists for the pleasures of the flesh. He eats hugely. He marries early. He lives in his wife's apron pocket. The woman who commands universal Boer admiration is the sturdily built, well-sexed house frau—the big feeder and big breeder.

The fine physique of the race is a striking illustration of Darwin's theory of the survival of the fittest:

The truth is that the average Boer farm house is no nursery of weaklings. The surroundings are so filthy, insubstantial, and rough, and the Boer housewife's ignorance of the simplest duties of motherhood is so dense, that, although many babies are born, few outlast their infancy. Child mortality on the veld is

positively appalling, and were it not that the Boers are enormously prolific the race would have long since tapered towards extinction.

On the other side of the picture, however, is the small class of cultured Boers, of whom Mr. Pratt says:

It would be impossible to discover, the wide world over, a stronger, and in every sense a more satisfactory, human type. The women are bright, intelligent, and witty. The men are little short of intellectual giants. Educate the average Boer, and the result is a man whose mentality, strength of character, energy, initiative, and resource can compare favorably with the highest types of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Subject to the reservations which we noted at the beginning of this review, Mr. Pratt has written a book of great value, one that should be read with careful attention by all who are interested in the problems of the British empire, and one, too, that reflects infinite credit on the school of Australian journalism.

MEXICO VIEWED BY AN ENGLISH JOURNALIST.

Modern Mexico. By R. J. MacHugh. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$3.50 net.

After accompanying the Servian army in the Balkan War, Mr. MacHugh was sent by the *Daily Telegraph* to investigate Mexico. He has performed his task well, and his methodical handling of materials shows that, however brief his visit, judicious use of the best authorities available and the serious efforts of a trained and balanced writer have produced one of the most satisfactory of recent books on this subject. It is true that his work discloses no hitherto unrevealed solution of the Mexican problem; his style seldom rises very high, but neither does he betray the absurd ignorance of some journalists. He marches steadily forward; his fixed opinions, due to lack of sympathy with the American point of view, or to British prejudices, are entirely apparent, deceiving nobody; and he succeeds in preparing an informed report of the conditions which may be received as wholesome and sound.

In introductory chapters the author outlines what is known or assumed of Mexico before the Spaniards came, and traces the transition from colonial dependence to independent disorder. Independent Mexico presents a difficult problem for summarizing. Mr. MacHugh refers to such excellent sources as Noll's "From Empire to Republic" and Mme. Calderon de la Barca's "Life in Mexico," but his emphasis is sometimes mislaid, and insignificant points are presented when they deserve

no place in so brief a review. His treatment of the Mexican War of 1846-48 is indeed more just than that which many American historians have accorded it. The discussion of Maximilian's empire is unusually able, coming from a writer evidently familiar with the history of European diplomacy and finance. He brings out the interesting point of the projected arrangement between the Mexican leaders at that time and the seceding States of the American Union. The most admirable writing in the whole book is inspired by the unhappy end of Maximilian's rule.

In the seventh chapter, Mr. MacHugh traces the gradual development of the present situation from conditions in the closing years of Porfirio Diaz's Presidency. The causes and relations here traced surpass in detail and logical sequence most other accounts. He even mentions the recourse which President Madero had to spiritualism, and he takes into consideration many factors which have escaped the attention of other writers. One must differ with him, however, in his refusal to allow the Zapata movement political significance. Agrarian troubles, which this movement represents, certainly constitute one of the most difficult and fundamental of Mexico's problems.

A report on Mexico's resources—industrial, mineral, and agricultural—is so glowing that it reads like a promoter's prospectus, and yet it is all justified and authoritative. British enterprise and capital are mentioned rather often, but it is well to be reminded that there are other interests in Mexico besides ours. The development of electrical power from the falls at Necaxa by the Mexican Light & Power Company is a notable monument of such interest.

In the concluding chapter on Mexico and the United States, Mr. MacHugh records the large amount of opinion on his side in believing that "the policy of President Wilson is a mistake." He also notes the remarkable similarity between the President's attitude and that of Gen. Carranza, in demanding the elimination not only of Huerta, but of his Government as well. He is plainly mistaken, however, in another assertion:

One unpleasant feature of the situation as between the United States and Mexico—at least so far as Great Britain is concerned—is that there is a party in the United States whose opposition to Gen. Huerta is based on the assumption that his Government was rendered possible by the support of British interests in Mexico, and that they are bound, as a matter of policy, to oppose it.

Mr. MacHugh, at the time of writing his book, feared that since the American people are "subject to very remarkable outbursts of sentimental public opinion," if Americans were murdered

in Mexico, "the United States Government would find itself face to face with a popular demand for intervention which it could not possibly refuse." The case for annexation is presented thus:

From the European point of view, so far as the internal peace and welfare of Mexico and her people are concerned, there is little doubt but that United States intervention would, after a certain period, be the very best thing that could happen, especially if it were followed by the establishment of something in the nature of a protectorate over the Mexican republic, similar to that which is exercised over the republic of Cuba. The United States would then become a guarantor for the maintenance of peace and settled conditions, and whatever injury might be inflicted upon the national sentiments of Mexicans, the material prosperity of the country and her people as a whole would benefit enormously from the new order of things that would be bound to result.

Yet Mr. MacHugh reminds us that the French under Napoleon III tried to subdue Mexico with an army of 200,000 men, and he estimates that at least a quarter of a million men would have to be maintained by us in Mexico for a decade or longer, and that the cost would be incalculable.

In view of the scope and detail of this work, the errors of fact and the misprints are comparatively few. "Licenciado" is often misspelled, however, as is the name of our former Minister, Mr. Poinsett. Although Señor Lascurain enjoyed the Presidency for only twenty-six minutes, he does not deserve to have his name given as Lauriscan in one place and Laurican in another. Texas would rise in arms again at reading April 23 as the date of the battle of San Jacinto, instead of April 21, and Senator Bacon would scarcely have been pleased at the reference to him as "Señor Bacon."

Most interesting of the few genuine errors is the author's distortion of judgment regarding General Felix Diaz. Throughout he speaks of the General in terms of admiration. He even regards him as the possible "*deus ex machina* who can restore public order." Testimony to his character and ability is presented in his record as Commissioner of Police for Mexico City. He is actually credited with having been the real leader of the successful revolution against Madero. The support of Porfirio Diaz and the administrative ability of Governor Landa y Escanon were, however, what maintained General Felix Diaz as Commissioner of Police, and General Mondragon far outstripped the younger man in the arts of conspiracy and revolution. The ease with which Gen. Huerta eliminated young Diaz from the situation, and the subsequent failure of the latter's pretensions, seem to establish his weakness.

GEN. REYES ON PANAMA.

The Two Americas. By Rafael Reyes. Translated by L. Grahame. Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$2.50.

Gen. Rafael Reyes, ex-President of the Republic of Colombia, made a tour through the two Americas, in which he visited several of the larger republics. Numerous articles based on his experiences were published in the *New York Times*. Gen. Reyes speaks excellent English himself, but was, nevertheless, fortunate in having had his essays translated from the Spanish original by Mr. Leopold Grahame, who was for many years the editor of an English journal in Buenos Ayres. These articles have now been considerably revised and put in the form of a book. Coming from an ex-President of that South American country which has been dealt with more harshly by the United States than has any other, this book is noteworthy for its moderate tone and its marked desire to increase, as far as practicable, that friendly recognition of the other nation's laws and usages commonly called international comity. Gen. Reyes makes some interesting animadversions on the now much-discussed Monroe Doctrine, in which, although assuming a very friendly attitude towards the United States, he says:

President Monroe proclaimed the doctrine of "America for the Americans," which surely implied that that eminent statesman included the Ibero-Americans as well as those of the north. The devotees of modern Imperialism in the United States appear to reject this view by their belief that the term "Americans" signifies only those born under the Stars and Stripes; and that they are the absolute owners of the two Americas, although, as I have already said, that spirit of mischievous exaggeration is, happily, confined to very narrow limits.

One wishes that these limits were so narrow as to leave no room for further misunderstanding on this subject.

The portion of the book which covers some of the smaller republics that Gen. Reyes did not visit is rather dull. On the other hand, the chapters dealing with the author's own early explorations, and the paragraphs relating to the Panama Canal, will be found very profitable reading. Particularly striking, in contrast with a certain recent Autobiography, is Gen. Reyes's modest statement of the difficulty which he met in attempting to put down the revolution in Panama in 1903:

A few days later, when my Government placed me in command of a military force to reestablish order in the Isthmus, these cruisers prevented our landing, and, being then unaware of the causes of the attitude so taken up by the United States, I directed a note to the commanding officer, Admiral Coghlan, requesting to be informed on the subject. The reply to that note by Admiral Coghlan simply

stated that "his peremptory orders were to prevent the disembarkation of Colombian troops with hostile intent within the limits of the State of Panama."

At that time the Colombian army consisted of 10,000 men under arms, a force more than sufficient to have suffocated the rebellion in Panama if the Government of the United States had not prevented the embarkation at Puerto Colombia of the troops under my command, and at Buenaventura, in the Pacific, of others under the command of various general officers.

To conclude this narrative of the circumstances in which Colombia was deprived of her sovereignty and her territory it is only necessary to add that, having prevented the Colombian Government from using the forces at its disposal for the suppression of the revolution, the United States Government, with unusual haste, within two days of the declaration of its independence, recognized the republic of Panama as a sovereign and independent State, and fourteen days later entered into a treaty with that republic guaranteeing its independence, and providing for the construction of the canal in that territory.

Even to those unaccustomed to the methods adopted by the nations of the world in the recognition of newly formed States, the action of the United States in relation to the republic of Panama can leave no doubt in the minds of intelligent persons that it was a wide departure from conventional custom.

Rarely has an actor in a bitter political drama spoken so moderately of the deeds of his opponents.

A LAND OF FASCINATION.

Picturesque New Zealand. By Paul Gooding. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$3.50 net.

We cannot be too grateful to the author of this work for reminding the world that New Zealand is something more than an economic laboratory. Without minimizing in the least the importance of the colony's sociological and industrial innovations, we are glad to read that the main purpose of these chapters is to afford a panoramic view of the group of islands that form one of the outposts of the British Empire.

New Zealand itself stretches a thousand miles along the Tasman Sea, which separates it from Australia, its extreme breadth being only a fifth as great. Its governmental jurisdiction, however, covers forty-two degrees of longitude and forty-five of latitude. Its northernmost possession, near the pearl-shell lagoon of Penrhyn, is only eight degrees below the Equator, while its southernmost limits, the mountainous Campbell Islands, are more than three thousand miles from Penrhyn's Shoals. The largest land divisions of the colony are the North Island, about the size of Pennsylvania; the South Island, approximating the area of Florida; and Stew-

art Island, slightly more than half as large as Rhode Island. New Zealand is largely mountainous; consequently less than half its surface is suitable for agriculture. In the South Island, the more mountainous of the two main islands, elevations of from eight to ten thousand feet are common. In the North Island few of the mountains are more than four thousand feet high, and only on the loftiest of them, steaming Ruapehu, are glaciers found.

Climatically, New Zealand has been likened to Italy, with which it closely corresponds in latitude. To a large extent it is a rainy land, but as most of the precipitations are at night and in the early morning, parts of it have sunshine records equal to some of the best obtained in Italy. The climate is varied and healthful; in the last twenty years the average annual death-rate has been less than ten per thousand, one of the lowest rates recorded anywhere.

Obviously, this is a land of high destiny—and yet a destiny beset with difficulties. In 1642 the Dutch navigator, Abel Tasman, got sight of it, only to shun it, three of his crew being murdered by the Maoris. One hundred and twenty-seven years later came Capt. Cook, who also sailed away after a similar disaster to one of his crew. For many years thereafter European navigators, terrified by these and other tales of deadly strife and often bloody feasts, feared to land on New Zealand's inhospitable coasts. In 1814 the missionaries began to tame the Maoris, but white settlement did not really begin until seventy years ago. Troubles innumerable occurred for many years, and it was not until the early nineties that anything approaching stability was reached.

It would be hard to know where to begin or where to stop in noting the points of interest in these islands. Persons familiar with the Yellowstone geysers will wonder if they compare with those of the thermal region of New Zealand. Weird caves also abound. Mr. Gooding thus describes the Glowworm Grotto:

As we approached it in the darkness, for effect, we saw what looked like a roof of gems. These "gems" were the steady gleam of thousands of glowworms, shedding day and night a dim light suited only to goblin worlds. On this scene the guide flashed a magnesium light. The result was startling. Hanging closely together from the roof were countless tiny pendants resembling fine wire strands and weighted with millions of drops of moisture. The whole formed one glistening, gently swaying screen across the damp ceiling. These filaments were the threads of glowworms. Looking down, we saw the glittering canopy reflected in a dark expanse of water.

He tells also of cañons and depths matching those of the Yosemite and the Grand Cañon of Arizona, and of mountains that rival the Swiss Alps.

"The German," he declares, "is proud of the castellated Rhine; the Frenchman's eyes sparkle at mention of the historic Seine; the Englishman grows poetical over the upper Thames; the American points to the palisaded Hudson; and the New Zealander says, 'Behold the Wanganui.'" For the greater part of its length Wanganui flows through a deep gorge, with lichen-draped cliffs and higher, forested slopes. It has many rapids, and in passing through these the voyager has exciting moments. In the southwestern part of the South Island lakes and sounds divide the land among themselves, and ramble irregularly over the country, cutting into the heart of the mountain ranges, forming islands, peninsulas, and promontories, and receiving the waters of innumerable streams. In this region is Milford Track, "the finest walk in the world."

The tantalizing character of Mr. Gooding's descriptions is enhanced by the excellence of the numerous illustrations with which his book is enriched.

CHRISTIAN FAITH IN A JAPANESE SETTING.

The Faith of Japan. By T. Harada. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.25.

To insure a sane and well-balanced judgment of the Japanese personality and people it is imperative to inquire sympathetically into their religious ideals and proclivities. Hitherto the faiths of the East have been so associated with feebleness and folly as to produce in the progressive Occidental an attitude of indifference and contempt. But the real power shown by Japan in her national and international development during the last quarter of a century, and the growing appreciation of the tremendous latent power of China—power that must be interpreted in a spiritual way—have been changing this attitude; and the public is prepared to welcome a volume such as that of Dr. Harada. Of all the colleges founded under missionary auspices in Japan, the Doshisha of Kyoto, of which he is president, has been the most successful. It was the result of the junction of two intellectual currents: ardent young Samurai from the island of Kyushu and able Congregational missionaries from this country. The leader among these young men was Joseph Neesima, a real personality, who has left his impress on the institution. It is pleasant to note that the present volume—essentially the "Lamson Lectures," delivered at Hartford Seminary several years ago—is "In Memory of My Teacher and Predecessor, Joseph Hardy Neesima, Educator, Patriot, and Christian."

In the chapter on Michi: the Way of Humanity, the term used in translating the Greek λόγος of the Gospel of St. John, there is a significant para-

graph. It is well known that modern Hegelianism, which has been of such aid in the reaction against materialism, has been fructified from the Orient. Dr. Harada says:

As one studies the religious and ethical ideas of the far East, it becomes increasingly evident that the Oriental mind is indeed intuitive, mystical, and poetic rather than strictly rational, scientific, and practical. . . . Certain scholars are disposed to make light of what does not submit to analysis or allow of expression in scientific terms, failing thus to grasp its real, though elusive, content. Yet the unrationalised protoplasm of psychic life is coming to be recognized as the matrix of the greatest influences, the most far-reaching forces of soul control, exercising a power in the lives of the people far greater than that of any conceptions which are clearly defined and easily grasped by the intellect.

None of the various faiths that have taken root in Japan, Shinto, Confucianism, Buddhism, has been monotheistic, insisting on what the Shorter Catechism calls in its opening statement "the chief end of man, to glorify God and enjoy Him for ever." Consequently, sin as something hateful to God and demanding a penalty as from a taskmaster, is alien to Japanese thought. Recognizing no divine Judge, the Japanese have little dread of a coming punishment after death. Pantheistic Buddhism, polytheistic Shintoism, positivistic Confucianism are alike silent on this theme. Dr. Harada associates the absence of any clear perception of a personal God among Japanese with the lack of a clear perception of the personality of man himself. "It follows that they have never attained to an adequate conception of the worth of the individual. Sometimes the idea of duty has been confused with the idea of submission to authority; blessedness has been identified with happiness, and sin has been confused with crime. Hatred of sin and love of righteousness have been but feebly felt."

Loyalty and filial piety, regarded as the two cardinal virtues by the Japanese, are at the heart of the teaching of Shinto and Confucianism. The seeming depreciation by Christianity of these virtues presents a great barrier to its reception in the Far East. Dr. Harada, in this connection, quotes the passage in St. Matthew where Christ declares that "He that loveth father and mother more than me is not worthy of me." Still less to the liking of conservative Japanese is the more emphatic form of the saying in St. Luke, "If a man cometh to me, and hateth not his own father and mother . . . he cannot be my disciple." The solution of the difficulty is aided by Buddhist ideals, where the principle of renunciation or self-sacrifice holds a vital place. Indeed, later on in the same chapter in

St. Luke the saying is repeated in terms of renunciation. And the Cross, from the standpoint of self-sacrifice, declares Dr. Harada, presents no special difficulty to his countrymen. "Though the cross may be a stumbling block to Jews and foolishness to Greeks, it is not to the Japanese."

Mr. Y. Okakura, in his recent "Life and Thought in Japan," concedes that his countrymen are revengeful. Yet Dr. Harada asserts that they have a spirit of magnanimity, which is incompatible with revenge; and history seems to bear out his statement. The greatest of Japanese generals, low-born, "monkey-faced" Hideyoshi, was ever magnanimous to his foes. In the late war the Japanese treatment of their Russian prisoners was admirable. It is true that passionate loyalty, as in the case of the Forty-seven Ronins, often took the form of deadly revenge; but this may be regarded as the "defect of a virtue." Revenge has not been a ruling passion in the story of the people.

The late Baron Kato, at one time president of the Imperial University in Tokio, grimly disliked the Christian faith and published a book entitled "The Evils of Christianity." Yet there he admits its age-long devotion to philanthropic ministration, and its pre-eminence in this field. Dr. Harada would not, however, rest his defence of Christianity on what he terms "by-products" like these. He mentions five points where it seems to have appealed most strongly to his countrymen: a Father in heaven who completely meets their ideal; the personality of Christ Himself—pure, exalted, comprehensive; a positive, optimistic conception of life; a comparatively satisfactory world view which avoids, on the one hand, the extinction of personality, or Nirvana, taught by higher Buddhism, and, on the other hand, the physical paradise held out by popular Buddhism; and lastly, the innumerable examples Christianity produces of its power to produce repentance, transformation, and new life.

The introductory chapter has some details regarding Shinto which will interest women particularly. Among the thirteen sects that it includes, there is one of recent origin which approaches a monotheistic faith and makes Amaterasu, whose emblem is the sun, the Mother-God, whose sunny spirit pervades the universe, giving birth to all things by her light and heat, and unceasingly nurturing them all. Two other popular modern sects, Tenrikyo and Remmonkyo, have been established by women. It also contains an interesting account of the development of Buddhism in Japan, differing so markedly from its history elsewhere. Accepting the native gods or Kami as incarnate forms of one or other Buddha, the Indian faith was

harmonized with the national consciousness and became secularized. But the chapter has nothing to say of the military type of Buddhist monk, which became a national menace in the sixteenth century.

The author, who contributes the article on God (Japanese) to Hastings's "Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics," has a wide and accurate knowledge of his subject, and furnishes ample footnote references. It is a pity that the books mentioned, with details of place of publication, translations, and editions, are not given in a bibliography at the close. Some of the poems he quotes, translations of Japanese *uta*, require revision. Twice the vulgarism "lay" for *lie* spoils the whole passage; and on page 120 "vice-regent" appears for *vicegerent*. The diction throughout, however, with a few exceptions, including an awkward use of "claim," is idiomatic and clear, and the whole is a weighty contribution to a live subject.

Notes

The forthcoming publication of "The Great Society," by Graham Wallas, is announced by the Macmillan Company.

The Oxford University Press has in preparation an authorized translation, by G. McN. Rushforth, of Signor Rivoira's new book, "Architettura Mufulliana, sue Origini e suo Sviluppo."

"Punch and Judy," by Edwin Pugh, will be published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company on May 30.

The Century Company announces for publication next month "The Renaissance, the Protestant Reformation, and the Catholic Revolution," by Edward M. Hulme. The same publishers are bringing out a one-volume edition of Shakespeare's "Principal Plays," edited with notes and introduction by J. W. Cunliffe and others.

Houghton Mifflin Company will publish on June 13: "When Thoughts Will Soar," by Baroness Bertha von Suttner; "Broken Music," by Phyllis Bottome; "The Story of a Thousand-Year Pine," by Enos A. Mills. An English translation of Wassili Kandinsky's "The Art of Spiritual Harmony" has been added to the list of Houghton Mifflin's publications announced for June 3.

THE entertaining account of Thomas W. Wilby's attempt to cross Canada in an automobile from Halifax to Vancouver, contained in "A Motor Tour Through Canada" (Lane; \$1.50 net), should help forward the movement for a national east-and-west road through the Dominion similar to the proposed Lincoln Highway. The book may not incite others to emulate Mr. Wilby's feat at the present time, but it reveals most graphically the splendid possibilities of such a route. The author left Halifax in August, 1912, over roads reduced to the consistency of a batter pudding as the result of weeks of rain. He drove

through Truro and the beautiful Evangeline country, around Minas Basin, and up through the peninsula to the Tan-tramar Marshes on the New Brunswick border. From Moncton he followed the north shore of the Bay of Fundy to St. John, up the St. John River to Fredericton and Grand Falls, and on through Quebec to Rivière du Loup. The north shore of the St. Lawrence was taken from Quebec to Montreal, thence to Ottawa, through eastern Ontario to Toronto by way of Kingston and the Thousand Islands, and north to Lake Simcoe and North Bay on Lake Nipissing, over unspeakable roads, and with many breakdowns.

AT North Bay the plucky traveller was faced with the fact that there was no road of any description to the westward. He was reluctantly compelled to ship his car by rail to Sudbury, from whence a road of sorts took him to Sault Ste. Marie. There the situation became hopeless. No road of any kind was available around the north shore of Lake Superior. He must, therefore, take a steamer up the Lake to Fort William, and traverse by rail the roadless country between Fort William and Winnipeg. From Winnipeg it was comparatively good going over the prairie to Brandon, Moosomin, Regina, Moose Jaw, Lethbridge, and Macleod. Roads of very doubtful quality took him through the Crow's Nest pass to British Columbia and down south to the International Boundary, where fourteen miles westward had to be negotiated over the railway ties. Then came a zig-zag course up and down the beautiful British Columbian valleys, and finally down the Fraser to Vancouver. Some day it will no doubt be possible to cross the Dominion by a similar route and enjoy all the charms of the country with none of the discomforts.

QUEBEC politics and the working of municipal and parliamentary institutions are only slightly touched upon in Mr. Beckles Willson's book, "Quebec: The Laurentian Province" (Stokes; \$3 net). In describing Montreal he is interested only in the best aspects of the city, and there is no suggestion that the city has also its slums. It is Sherbrooke Street and the St. James's Club that are emphasized. Moreover, while adequate attention is given to the iron, lumber, and wood pulp industries, and to farming, the author quite ignores Valleyfield and Ste. Hyacinthe, where, better than in the industrial suburbs of Montreal, French-Canadians can be seen as workers in the textile mills. Apart from these defects, Mr. Willson's book is one of the most comprehensive and satisfactory on the old French province that have been published in the last ten or fifteen years. His description of the place of the Catholic Church in the life of the province has seldom been excelled by a writer who was neither a French-Canadian nor a Roman Catholic. Mr. Willson is not invariably in agreement with the church; but its adherents cannot complain that he is unsympathetic. Similarly, the habitant has never had a more favorable interpreter than Mr. Willson. Occasionally it would seem that his admiration of the characteristics of

the French-Canadian carried him a little too far, as in his strictures on the author of the "Tragedy of Quebec." This is the story, as told by Mr. Robert Sellar, who has lived for half a century in Huntingdon, of the gradual displacement of families of British stock in the Eastern Townships by French-Canadians, and of the part that the church has played in the transformation of what was two generations ago the only English-speaking area of rural Quebec. The chapter on the Eastern Townships is scanty; for there is no mention of the large immigration from Great Britain that was organized by Edward Ellis—Bear Ellis, of Hudson's Bay and House of Commons fame—in the thirties of last century, at a time when in England it was deemed expedient that there should be a line of English-speaking colonists between the American border and the settlements of French-Canadians.

A BRIGHTLY written manual of information on the people, the missions, the hunting and fishing, and the possibilities in commerce and exploration of a semi-Arctic land, Cuthbert Lee's "With Dr. Grenfell in Labrador" (Neale; \$1.50 net) represents special knowledge gained in a year's work as volunteer aid among the "live-yeres," or white natives, the Eskimos, the Indians, and the sailors of the coast. The author has a missionary purpose in what he writes; and his account of two narrow escapes from drowning, of his clerkship in Labrador's one court (of which Dr. Grenfell is magistrate), of storms on sea and land, and of hunting adventure, together with his sense of humor and color in native life, dissipates effectively any conception of the country as dull and bleak. He represents the "live-yeres"—the descendants of English fishermen intermarrying with Eskimos—as a hardy, religious, and picturesque race, and the land as one by no means without stern natural attractions. Dr. Grenfell writes a chapter upon its economic possibilities, with especial reference to his project, recently noticed in the daily press, of stocking Labrador with reindeer as a substitute for its fast-disappearing salmon and seals. Already a herd of twelve hundred of these animals is multiplying in Alaska; and, with proper funds and legislative encouragement, he believes that the barren lands of the peninsula can be covered with many thousands.

IF Mexico of to-day were only as charming and delightful as Mexico of 1840 appears in the pages of Mme. Calderon de la Barca, there would be little need for us to worry about the future. Few American countries have given rise to volumes of travel that have, or will, become classics. Mexico is an exception, and the editors of Everyman's Library have done wisely in recognizing this fact, and in issuing as one of their latest numbers that fascinating "Life in Mexico During a Residence of Two Years in that Country" (Dutton; 35 cents), whose first publication was largely due to the urgent recommendation of Prescott the historian. Originally published anonymously in 1843, these letters of the Scottish wife of the first Spanish Minister to

Mexico achieved a deserved popularity. Even the critics received the book kindly, the *Athenæum* remarking that Mexico had hitherto never been visited "by any one gifted with so keen an eye and so pleasant a pen"; and the *Edinburgh Review* observing that the book has "all the natural liveliness and tact and readiness of remark which are sure to distinguish the first production of a clever woman." It is, indeed, the kind of volume which one may open anywhere and dip into with perfect assurance of being entertained.

IN "South America" (Macmillan; \$2 net), Mr. W. H. Koebel, already favorably known for his excellent books on Uruguay, Argentina, and Chili, has attempted to give a brief history of the continent. It is not a success, and yet there are so few books like it that until a better one is written it must be reckoned with. There is no attempt at any analysis of the leading movements. Most readers will feel that too much space has been given to the Colonial period. There are too many names, and there is too little explanation of their significance. On the whole, the book is considerably below the standard set by the author's other works. It is one thing to be able to go into a country, analyze its present conditions, and give a faithful picture of prevailing tendencies, economic and political; it is quite another to digest the complex and kaleidoscopic histories of a number of different republics. There is still room for a good one-volume history, although the reader who has Mr. Koebel's latest work, for the early period, and Akers's "South America," for the latter part of the nineteenth century, should be able to arrive at a fairly good understanding of South American history.

IN the field of travel and description, Mr. C. Reginald Enock is apparently endeavoring to emulate what the late Andrew Lang accomplished in literature and criticism. Hardly has one laid down what appears to be his annual volume when another suddenly appears. This time it is "Ecuador: Its Ancient and Modern History, Topography and Natural Resources, Industries, and Social Development" (Scribner; \$3 net). As an excuse for his temerity the author rightly contends that there has hitherto been no comprehensive book in English dealing with this troublesome microcosm. To be sure, Whympers highly prized "Travels in the Great Andes of the Equator" will continue to be for most people a preferable means of getting the real flavor of the country. Whympers volume is, however, already difficult to procure, and not at all comprehensive, so far as the republic is concerned, whereas Mr. Enock has endeavored to give a fair amount of space to history and geography, archaeology and politics, flora and fauna. This Andrew Lang of peripatetic writers has a facile pen; he has procured some good pictures and a passable map, and he has tried to fill a real need. The demand for books about Ecuador is not so great as to make it likely that similar volumes will be required in the near future. It would be ungracious to criticize too harshly the work of a compiler who so obviously depends for his information

on his own explorations, his own books, and the ever-useful encyclopædia, particularly as he has taken the trouble to collect a mass of information not readily accessible. It is significant that while most of the volumes of Scribner's excellent South American series have working bibliographies, there is none in this case. Although Mr. Enock can make no pretence of being an authority on Ecuador, his latest book is better than some of his earlier productions.

THE popular edition of Sir Ernest Shackleton's splendid account of his farthest south, "The Heart of the Antarctic" (Philadelphia: Lippincott; \$1.50 net), calls for no special review, as it is merely a cheaper reprint of the author's earlier, more comprehensive work. The scientific results are omitted, the narrative including all matters of general public interest. The conventional result of a modern trip of exploration is a twelve-dollar, two-volume publication, which is beyond the purse of most persons; so that a less expensive reprint such as the present one is a real boon. Many of the excellent photographs of the other edition are scattered through the text.

B RITISH self-complacency amusingly crops out in Anne Warwick's "The Meccas of the World" (New York: John Lane Co.; \$2 net). Of course, "the world" means Europe and a very small part of America. Moreover, it includes only the parts of Europe the author happens to have been enough interested in to visit—not Berlin or Munich or Athens or Florence or Rome, but Paris, Madrid, Vienna, and London. On turning the pages you discover that these oddly chosen cities are not meccas at all—they are a dramatic entertainment, in which, for example, Vienna is the children's performance and Madrid the broken-down actor. Under such varied and disconcerting figures does the writer present sketches and criticisms of the peoples she has eyed askance, of their manners and amusements, of their morals and women. In her imperfect sympathies she finds some pleasure in the frank love-making of the Parisians, looks indulgently on the child-like gayety of the Viennese, but is inclined to frown on the traditional pride of the Spaniard. Of the two latter she seems to have taken more than fleeting glimpses, but in the United States she becomes rather supercilious. In New York, crude, vulgar, ugly New York, she cavils vigorously even at our providing for comfort and convenience, at our demand for efficiency, and also at our opera. The further one reads the more convinced one becomes that the reason why England is perfect is that no other place except Spain has such respectful servants, and even in Spain they are apt to be suspicious. Yes, it must have been the domestics that inspired her to compose this unwillingly insular book.

NOT a few travellers in Italy would gladly acknowledge their indebtedness to the pleasant companionship of Mr. Egerton R. Williams, jr.'s, "Hill Towns of Italy" and "Plain Towns of Italy." Mr. Williams has now completed his trilogy with "Lombard Towns of Italy" (Dodd,

Mead; \$1.75 net), which does for the district of Lombardy what the previous volumes have done for the cities of the Apennines and for Venetia. Those who, like the writer of this note, confess themselves held by the spell of that flat, fertile country, intersected with great *carovone*, dust-laden in the burning heat of summer, snow-covered in winter, the architecture of whose cities reflects the stern, independent genius of its people, will acknowledge and accept Mr. Williams's apology for seeming to rank this district as only "third in interest and fascination," and will agree with him that "there can be no real rank amongst those three most alluring provinces." In an admirable preface, the author summarizes so much of the general history of Lombardy as is indispensable to an intelligent interpretation of its art. A commendably clear map is in its right place, at the beginning of the book (facing the first page of Chapter I), and not at the end. As a matter of make-up, this map would be even more useful were it extended from a blank page, so that it might be consulted readily, without the necessity of turning back to it. All the cities of Lombardy are included in the volume with the exception of Milan, which, as the author explains, "would require a volume in itself," and of Como, which is omitted for the obvious reason that, as it is situated in a mountainous district, it does not properly belong to Lombardy. Mr. Williams follows the general method which he has found successful in his previous volumes, prefacing his description of each city with an historical outline, and then giving an account of his own wanderings through the place, supplemented by quotations from other writers and by references to the authorities. Some of the descriptive chapters are more likely to prove of practical value to the tourist than to sustain the interest of the general reader, but it is almost inevitable that a narrative of this kind should in places become somewhat pedestrian, and as a companion of a journey to supplement the severely businesslike Baedeker, this book can be cordially recommended. The index, so far as we have tested it, is full and accurate.

THE reader of "Siciliana," sketches of Naples and Sicily by Ferdinand Gregorovius (London: G. Bell & Sons; \$1.60 net), will wonder why such delightful and informing essays have waited sixty years for a translator. Most of the material comes from the author's "Wanderjahre in Italien," published in 1853, though the concluding chapter, on Segesta, Selinus, and Mount Eryx, is from the "Kleine Schriften," which appeared in 1888. Nearly half the volume deals with Naples and the regions round about. The treatment is both historical and descriptive, and the description loses nothing in interest from the fact that so much of it applies to a Naples that has been swept out of existence by philanthropic and sanitary measures which can be commended more heartily for original good intentions than for intelligent execution and satisfactory results. His remarks on life in Santa Lucia, within the narrow limits of which he spent six weeks, should be read in

connection with Matilde Serao's "Il Pellegriño Appassionato," which voices in the form of an excellent short story its author's feeling that the *risanamento* which followed the cholera epidemics of the eighties attained its maximum in the destruction of the charm of the old Naples and its minimum in enhancement of the welfare of the new.

A NEW historical guide to Geneva, "La Genève des Genevois," by Professor Doumerque, the author of the well-known biography of Calvin, has permanent value, and will be of especial interest to many of those who this summer attend the Geneva centenary, and *Fête de la Réformation*.

WE have received Baedeker's "Russia" (\$5.40), "Southern France" (sixth edition, \$2.40), and "Egypt" (seventh edition, \$4.50). The "Russia," the first edition of this guidebook to be published in English, includes also Teheran, Port Arthur, and Peking. The volume is prepared with the same care for accuracy which habitually marks the Baedeker handbooks. In the introduction of sixty-two pages, besides special information of a practical kind, are given excellent short sketches of the geographical and ethnological history, and of the political, economic, and social history of Russia, as well as chapters on Government and Administration and on the Russian Church. The book is accompanied by forty maps and seventy-eight plans. The "Southern France" and the "Egypt" are enlarged from the previous editions, the most noticeable additions being in the number of maps and plans.

AS the sub-title informs us, "A Pepys of Mogul India" (Dutton; \$3.50 net), translated by William Irvine and abridged by Margaret L. Irvine, is an edition of the "Storia do Mogor" of Niccolao Manucci, who ran away from home in Venice at the age of fourteen and passed a life of adventure in India from 1653 to 1708 (1717?). He found employment under Shah Jahan's son Dāra, till the latter died, when he took other service and eventually, "turning himself into a physician," obtained a position at court. Here, as elsewhere, regular employment soon began to fret his vivacious spirit and he escaped to Goa, where he was knighted for diplomatic success with the Mahratas. Later he went to Madras, where he married and became a theologian, whose interest in the disputes between Capuchins and Jesuits succeeds at last in extinguishing the reader's interest in Manucci himself. For this reason the editors have cut down the four volumes of the "Storia," by omitting theology and other tediousness, to one handy volume of three hundred pages, which has not a dull page in it. It is a delightful story of a scrupulous adventurer, whose piety and dare-devilry combine to make fascinating his personal experiences, as his high position and the stirring times he lived in make his record of great historical value. He is in constant danger of his life and is robbed frequently, but with equanimity. He helps to save a woman from committing suttee; he sees another leap into a pit of flame instead of ascending a pyre; he amuses himself with starting a panic among the Emperor's elephants, etc., etc. These are chance

items in a notable record. But why should "our Manuchy" be called a Pepys? He had few of Pepys's characteristics.

THE death was announced on May 19, in London, of William Aldis Wright, vice-master of Trinity College, Cambridge, from 1888-1912, and author of "The Bible Word Book" and works on Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton, and Edward Fitzgerald, and a commentary on the Book of Job, from a Hebrew manuscript. Mr. Wright was editor of the Cambridge Shakespeare, and was a contributor to Smith's Dictionary of the Bible, 1860-1863. He was also secretary to the Old Testament Revision Committee, 1870-1885, and joint editor of the *Journal of Philology* from its commencement in 1868.

RUDOLF TOMBO, JR., who died on May 21, was associate professor of Germanic languages and literature, and director of the Deutsches Haus at Columbia University, and secretary of the Germanistic Society of America. Dr. Tombo graduated from the College of the City of New York in 1895, and later studied at Columbia, receiving the degree of master of arts in 1898, and of doctor of philosophy in 1901. In 1902 he was appointed to the position he held at his death, and at times he was also registrar of the University, and secretary of the Alumni Association, and editor of the *Columbian Quarterly*. He was also one of the editors of the *Germanistic Society Quarterly*.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

THE secretary of the American circle of the Lyceum Club, Mrs. John Hartness, is advocating in the English press the erection of an American church in London as a permanent memorial of the centenary of peace between England and the United States. The building is to cost about \$1,250,000. American churches, it is argued, have been successful in Paris and Berlin; why not, then, in London? The projector seems to overlook the difference that is made by the fact that in Continental cities the local churches do not provide services in the English language. The question of establishing in London a social centre for American residents and visitors—which forms part of Mrs. Hartness's scheme—is quite another matter.

MR. BALFOUR'S English Association address on the comparative value of prose and verse as the vehicle of didactic argument has been widely commented on in the London press. The *Times* points his moral by urging the Association to help to enlarge the common conception of literature, which excludes great preachers and philosophical writers from the circle to which poets and essayists are admitted. "It is perplexing to think of the comparative neglect of Jeremy Taylor and South, and many others who might be mentioned, and the unending care and reverence with which Bossuet and Massillon and Bourdaloue are studied in France." There are many preachers "who are rich in golden sentences, though their the-

ology may be obsolete or dubious" and philosophical writers "who, when not busy with the technique of their systems, merit to be read as much as the classics of the age of Louis XIV."

THE same discussion has induced the editor of the *Westminster Gazette* to give his readers a peep inside his own sanctum. He finds on his table, he says, every morning a pile of manuscripts in verse and prose. The verse contributions are positively more numerous than the prose, and their level of accomplishment is on the whole higher. It is apparently more difficult for the majority of these contributors to produce a good prose article than to turn out a quite accomplished set of verses. While really good poetry remains as rare as ever, the power of rhyming, of writing to measure, of managing the sonnet form or ballade form without catastrophe, seems constantly on the increase.

REFERENCE has already been made in the *Nation* to the discoveries and restorations in and around the Lausanne cathedral which have given that town an additional interest for the antiquary. The municipality has granted to the Musée du Vieux Lausanne the building with the square tower or dungeon near the old Episcopal palace, which is being reopened and restored by M. Otto Schmid, who accomplished such good results at Chillon. The main part of the building is of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, but it has been much concealed and disfigured by subsequent patchwork. Prior to the work of restoration, considerable excavations must be made. These have already revealed some interesting details as to the construction of the building, a part of which probably belongs to a much earlier date than the superstructure.

THE famous manor of Steen, near Vilvoorden in Belgium, once the residence of Rubens and his beautiful wife, Hélène Fourment, was offered for sale the other day by its owner. The house as it stands is still the same that the artist inhabited; and in the country around, several views can be recognized by the amateur of art who is familiar with Rubens's landscapes. In the house the old massive table is still to be seen at which the painter used to work. Even a copy of the printed notice announcing the sale at which Rubens, in 1635, purchased the estate, is also extant. Senator de Becker-Remy, of Louvain, into whose possession the castle has passed, is a well-known lover of art, who will doubtless take pride in preserving this wonderful record of a famous period in the history of Belgian painting.

ANOTHER no less celebrated treasure of the Belgian nation, the Museum Plantijn-Moretus, at Antwerp, is to lose its director, Mr. Max Rooses, the well-known essayist and art critic. Mr. Rooses has completed his seventy-fifth year, and he feels that, at his age, he should cede his place to a younger man. American admirers of the Flemish school of art will remember his publications dealing with Rubens and the Antwerp painters. Since 1876 he has been in charge of the Museum Plantijn-Moretus, which has attained its world-wide renown, thanks largely to his devoted activity.

Science

PREVAILING CONCEPTIONS OF LOGIC.

Encyclopædia of the Philosophical Sciences. Vol. I: Logic. By Arnold Ruge, Wilhelm Windelband, Josiah Royce, Louis Couturat, Benedetto Croce, Federigo Enriques, and Nicolaj Losskij. Translated by B. Ethel Meyer. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2 net.

The purpose of this encyclopædia, as vaguely explained by the German editor, Dr. Ruge, is to set forth the systematic unity of the philosophical sciences, after the fashion of the "Encyclopædie" of Hegel; only not, of course, the unity of a personal system, but the unity of tendency among philosophical thinkers; "unity with freedom," as explained by the English editor, Sir Henry Jones. The unity seems to lie mainly in the fact that Royce, Couturat, and Enriques are all more or less interested in the symbolic logic; or, as Couturat prefers to call it, the algorithmic logic, or logistic. The freedom is represented by Croce, who likens the logicians to peddlers crying up "specious and glittering wares" which no one wants. Indeed, what the volume chiefly teaches us is the variety, contrariety, if not the mutual irrelevance, of the prevailing conceptions of logic.

According to Royce, logic is the theory of rational order. According to Croce, it is the process of history become self-conscious; the philosophy of philosophy; the finally critical process of all critical thought, for which poetry and ordinary experience supply the material. But more than his brief article is needed to make his Hegelian pragmatism intelligible. Windelband presents a thoroughly Kantian scheme of logic, but he again is too condensed for one who is not at home with Kant, though full of suggestiveness for the student of philosophy; while the article by Enriques, in which logic is identified with scientific method, is so summary as to seem superficial. Losskij strikes an important note in contending that the foundation of all logic is the principle of sufficient ground. How far this agrees with Windelband's recognition of the "principle of consequence," how far Royce rejects the principle of sufficient ground in calling it inadequate, is left for the reader to say.

The truth is that logic, which, after many centuries of slumber, is only lately awake, and still rubbing its eyes, is a poor subject for the exhibition of unity. What the present volume offers is an interesting collection of personal views of distinguished writers, French, German, Russian, Italian, and American; and, in the most satisfactory articles by Royce and Couturat, an excel-

lent introduction to the mysteries of the symbolic logic and to newer ideas about scientific method. Judging only from the English, we should say that the translation, a most difficult task, deserves high praise.

Couturat makes it clear to us that the symbolic logic (or logistic) is the natural outcome of an attempt to remedy the defects of the Aristotelian logic of the syllogism. The syllogism deforms and, one might add, bleaches our meanings by reducing all their shades and complexities—their variety of terms and relations, as Couturat puts it—to relations of inclusion or exclusion between classes. Thus the pregnant suggestion of Socrates that virtue is knowledge, which owes all its philosophical significance to the implication that all knowledge is likewise virtuous, is reduced to the insufficient and seemingly empty statement that virtue is but one of the kinds of knowledge. Logistic is to remedy this insufficiency, as Couturat explains, by a "calculus" which will cover all kinds of terms and all kinds of relations. Yet this, it might be urged in reply, is also the intention of the syllogism. But the syllogism, as we all know, is unable to handle a proposition until it is reduced to a statement of "extension," or range: all virtue is some knowledge. And it is this that rouses our suspicions. For when we discover that, for purposes of argument, "virtue is knowledge" can mean only that a little circle, named "virtue," lies within a (possibly) larger circle, named "knowledge," we are led to wonder whether we are now talking about virtue and knowledge or only about circles, conveniently so named.

To the reviewer it seems that suspicions of this character are suggested only more strongly by the algebraic formulæ of logistic, if not confirmed by the explanation of the formulæ—the suspicion, namely, that logistic is, after all, only a calculus of symbols, or counters. We are then justified in asking whether the symbolic logic, so far from covering a wider variety of relations, is not simply developing the category of extension to the crude and bitter end. To this question Couturat supplies no answer. Like most of the logicians, he seems to care little about giving his science a foundation in the nature of thought. It is worth noting, in passing, that his article closes with an appeal for a universal language, though why he should seek to enlist the philologists is hard to say; for in a culture ruled by a perfect logistic we should expect the symbolic language to be sufficient for poetry and philosophy as well as for science.

Royce undertakes to give the symbolic logic a local habitation and a respectable name in the world of thought and being by showing that it reveals to us

an "infinitely rich" realm of ideal objects which is at the same time implied in all rational thinking, in the procedure of empirical science, if not also in the possibilities of rational conduct. The question may be asked, how, from certain facts given, we may infer others; how we may know that the given facts are a "fair sample" of the whole. The principles of the uniformity of nature or of sufficient ground, which are usually invoked here, Royce rejects as insufficient, and holds that a certain determinate distribution, or order, in the constitution of the field studied is implied in the activity of any rational agent. Royce then uses the formulæ of logistic to illustrate the principal types of order. From this point of view the symbolic logic becomes a further and more detailed extension of Kant's "deduction of the categories"; and, according to Royce, the theory of order will be a fundamental science in the philosophy of the future. Meanwhile he seeks to throw light upon the types of order by regarding them as necessary types of rational action. And this seems to leave us with a pair of bitter alternatives: either our personal thought and conduct must attain to the seemingly pale impersonality of logistic, or they must abandon all claims to rationality and truth. Yet, here, in the end, lies the problem of logic: to show how personal thinking may also be objectively true.

Petermann's Mitteilungen for March contains a careful summary, by E. Banse, of what is known of an almost unexplored region of Africa, the Libyan Desert and Tibesti. A study of the different seismological charts by Prof. Rudolph and Dr. Szirtes shows the geographical distribution of earthquakes. All the known volcanoes, both active and extinct, are indicated on the accompanying maps. The military department treats of the strategic changes in Russian Poland, the defences of the Gulf of Finland, and the inadequacy of the new boundaries of the Balkan States from the military and economical point of view. Among the contents of the same journal for April are an account of a journey by caravan from Mosul to Aleppo, the present condition of the Libyan Desert for exploration, and a treatise on the terminology and classification of mountains. The work of the air-ship in the exploration and service of the German colonies is also described, and, in the military department, an account is given of the fortifications of the Algerian and Tunisian coast.

The *Geographical Journal* for May opens with an account by J. Lied, director of the Siberian Company, of a voyage made last summer from Norway to the Yenisei River. Accompanying him was Dr. F. Nansen, who gives the results of his scientific observations on the ice conditions, showing the possibility of regular navigation. This is essential to the development of central Siberia, and

to assist it the Government has established three wireless telegraph stations on the Kara Sea, and will probably add an aeroplane service. It is not impossible, as the Russian Consul-General in London maintained, that this region will become the granary of the world and the chief source of the timber supply. There are also accounts of journeys through central Arabia by Capt. Leachman, and in northern Burma by the late Capt. Pritchard, and a description of Canberra, the new capital of Australia, by G. Taylor. A valuable map of the Balkan States shows their boundaries, in accordance with recent treaties, and in the accompanying text some of the frontiers are traced in detail.

A congress of Spanish-American geography and history was held in Seville during April, in commemoration of the quadricentennial of the discovery of the Pacific Ocean by Vasco Nuñez de Balboa. An interesting and valuable collection of maps and documents was loaned by the Spanish Ministry of War to aid in the discussion of political, geographical, and historical facts by special investigators from many countries. This first public exhibition of priceless Americana was due largely to the active interest taken in the celebration by King Alfonso.

Sir Francis Henry Laking, M.D., physician in ordinary and surgeon apothecary to the King of England and the Prince of Wales, and apothecary to his Majesty's household, died in London on May 21. Sir Francis was born on January 9, 1847. He was educated at Heidelberg and at St. George's Hospital, London. He was a Knight Commander of the Bath and a Commander of the Legion of Honor, and was created a baronet in 1902. He also received the Grand Cross of the Crown of Italy, the Grand Cross of the Immaculate Conception, Portugal, and the Grand Cross of the Dannebrog Order.

Paul Louis Toussaint Heroult, the scientist through whose research work the production of aluminum was first made commercially profitable, died recently in Paris. H. Heroult, who was of Norman stock, was born on April 10, 1863, at Thury-Harcourt, Calvados, France. As a boy he was educated in London, later entering the Lycée de Caen, Calvados, France, and his education was completed at the Collège Sainte Barbe and Ecole des Mines in Paris. He invented and patented the Heroult aluminum process in April, 1886, and the following year became the technical manager of the aluminum works at Neuhausen, Switzerland. In 1889 he came to the United States, and in 1890 he was made a director of the French Aluminum Company, known as Société Electro Metallurgique Française. In 1899 M. Heroult invented the electric steel furnace and process, and in the application of his method he was officially connected with the United States Steel Corporation, and with many other companies in this and foreign countries. The results of a survey which M. Heroult made of Canada's mineral deposits are embodied in a textbook on the subject.

Drama

THE STAGE OF HENRI BECQUE.

"The Vultures" and Other Plays. By Henri Becque. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.50 net.

There was a time, thirty or forty years ago, when the name of Henri Becque occupied a very prominent place in the list of contemporary French playwrights, but his works seem hopelessly old-fashioned now, and it is not easy to divine the special reason which induced Mr. Edwin Björkman to include these pieces in his Modern Drama series. Still more difficult is it to acquiesce in the judgment of the translator, Mr. Freeman Tilden, who, in his preface, acclaims Becque as an epoch-making revolutionary, the discoverer of the drama of the commonplace, and a pioneer for Ibsen. Admirers of the famous Norwegian will not be pleased by the insinuation. Unquestionably, Becque, going to the masses for his subjects, was an innovator when compared with such writers as Augier, Feuillet, Sardou, and the younger Dumas, and was, in one sense, more of a realist than any of them. But he was essentially either a melodramatist or a *farceur*, and was inferior to his rivals in constructive skill, imagination, the composition of emotional climaxes, and polished dialogue. He had wit, a good sense of situation, an honest indignation against public abuses, and the courage of his convictions, but in his illustrations he was not much nearer to the truth of nature than the romanticists themselves.

This is the reason why "The Vultures" ("Les Corbeaux"), instead of being an effective satire upon an iniquitous system and professional rascality, becomes a diffuse and conventional melodrama of no particular significance. The subject—the opportunities afforded by then existing French regulations to greedy and unscrupulous practitioners to rob the widow and orphan under the cover of legal technicalities—is a good one, and it need not be doubted that, in selecting it, M. Becque was animated by sincere and philanthropic purpose. But he spoils a strong case by the extravagance and manifest artificiality of his premises and the complete theatricality of his personages. All the conditions of his story are prescribed, transparently, to insure a predestined issue, and would therefore be impotent as a demonstration, even if they could be regarded as fairly typical. His lewd and usurious old financier, his grasping and scoundrelly lawyer, his speculative architect, his dishonest tradesman, and the lesser vultures who batten upon the unfortunate Vigneron family, are one and all ancient puppets of the melodramatic stage. Madame Vigneron and her daugh-

ters, and the fortune-hunting Madame de Saint-Genis are almost equally destitute of originality or freshness. None of the characters, with the exception of the faithful old nurse, conveys the impression of an actual living human being. For their inveterate loquacity, which constantly clogs the action, the responsibility, of course, rests upon the author, who has made them the mouth-pieces of his explanations and protests; but the mixed literary quality of their discourse must be put to the credit of Mr. Tilden, who has employed all sorts of current American colloquialisms which seem strangely inconsistent with the supposed place and time, however ingenious they may be as English equivalents of French phrases.

"The Woman of Paris" ("La Parisienne"), which was vehemently denounced at the time of its first production as a gross libel upon the sex, is written with a certain cleverness and vivacity, but is no way brilliant either in form or in psychological analysis. It is a simple variation of a formula upon which hundreds of farcical comedies have been built. The fickle wife, who deceives an abominably complacent or phenomenally stupid husband, has, in this case, two lovers. There is a domestic quadrangle instead of the usual triangle. The construction is arbitrary rather than plausible or ingenious, and the use of prolonged soliloquies is excessive. Theatrically it is inferior, in sparkle, point, and essential veracity, to scores of pieces of a similar character, while as literature or drama it is of infinitesimal value. As for "The Merry-Go-Round" ("La Navette"), described as a comedy in one act, that is an ordinary French farce, in which an unprincipled little baggage plays at fast and loose with three of her lovers at once, the first of whom she dismisses, only to take up with him again after she has failed to make satisfactory terms with either of the other two. It is a cynical trifle which skilled French comedians doubtless could make fairly amusing, but why it should be thought worthy of translation into English as a choice example of modern drama, French or other, passes comprehension.

In the *Burlington Magazine*, Mr. William Grant Keith describes his discovery and identification of the original designs for the entire scenery of Sir William D'Avenant's "Siege of Rhodes," as well as the plan and section of the stage upon which it was mounted, when first produced at Rutland House, Aldersgate Street, London, in 1656. The drawings are by John Webb, pupil of Inigo Jones, who was D'Avenant's collaborator in the production. The importance of the find lies in the fact that these drawings reveal the staging of D'Avenant's opera (the first play produced on an English public stage mounted with movable scenery in a modern sense) as the hitherto

missing link between the Court Theatre as developed by Inigo Jones during the reign of Charles I and the public theatre of the Restoration; for Webb is shown to have modelled his work entirely on that of his master.

The Irish Players from the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, begin their annual season at the London Court Theatre on Monday, June 1, when Miss Sarah Allgood rejoins the company. In addition to their regular repertory, two new plays, a one-act comedy by Lady Gregory, named "The Wrens," and a three-act piece, "The Supplanter," by an untried dramatist, J. Bernard McCarthy, will be presented.

Lord Howard de Walden, who conceals many of his artistic activities under the pseudonym of "T. E. Ellis," has a scheme for providing Wales with a national theatre on wheels. As the Welsh, in the country towns at least, cannot go to the theatre, the theatre is to go to them. The "house"—including scenery, pit, gallery, pay-box, greenroom, and stage door all complete—is to be taken from one suitable pitch to another. As the *Daily Citizen* wittily remarks, "the Welsh national theatre at any rate will be in the van of the movement."

In an interview in London on his return from his recent American tour—which drew receipts of over half a million dollars—Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson expresses his regret that nothing has come of his suggestion as to the Shakespeare Memorial National Theatre. He proposed that, instead of acquiring a fresh site and building a new theatre, the promoters of the project should purchase Drury Lane, "without exception the most beautiful and wonderful theatre I have ever played in." Even America, in his judgment, has no such stage for Shakespeare. Sir Johnston, who was a Royal Academy student in his boyhood, is likely to pursue painting as a hobby after his retirement. "I do not think," he says, "the colors ever become quite dry on the palette of the man who has once expressed himself with the brush, no matter how absorbing the work set him by another Muse."

The movement for a "People's Theatre Society" in England had an excellent send-off at a meeting held at Drury Lane on April 25. The condition of membership is to be the payment of a shilling subscription, which will entitle the subscriber to two reserved seats at any one performance given under the Society's auspices. The scheme is welcomed in the interest not only of the prospective audiences in the poorer districts of London, but also of actors and actresses, many of whom find themselves crowded out by the popularity of the picture palaces and music halls. It was a misfortune that some of the most prominent speakers at the Drury Lane meeting complicated the issue by introducing the vexed subjects of Sunday performances and restrictions on the employment of children. Some of the best friends of the new movement fear it will be seriously hampered if it is mixed up with other proposals on which there is a strongly marked division of opinion.

Music

DRAMATIC OPERA IN PARIS.

ALFRED BACHELET'S NEW WORK—AN ATTEMPT TO MAKE MUSIC A LIVING THING WITH THE TEXT—ANOTHER'S OPERA WITHOUT WORDS.

PARIS, May 16.

"Scemo" is a "lyric drama" and a new piece at the Paris Opéra; and it is new music. Its composer, Alfred Bachelet, carried off the Grand Prix de Rome and so has the right to three representations of one of his works at the Opera subsidized by the State which bestowed the prize on him. His piece has reached its fourth night, and, to all appearances, will go further. The similar new piece of last year—"Le Sortilège," by André Gailhard—had five representations. "Scemo" has an interest independent of the musical impression on opera-goers, which has to determine its long or short life, and cannot be foreseen. The prize work of its composer was remarked at the time for its wonderful mastery of all that is modern in musical technic; and now he has tried to interpret a text and its dramatic action on the stage closely, completely, and by adequate music.

In the old Italian opera the text was ridiculous for the most part, and, at best, was little more than an occasion for vocal flights. A like method was used in the poetry of serious tragedy, sometimes with undeserved felicity. At the end of the first scene of the third act of Metastasio's "Artaserse" the great King releases in profound secrecy his misunderstood Arbace from a prison cell. Not unaffectingly, he bids him escape. In the very nick and peril of time Arbace cannot be gone without first expressing dignified thanks. Then he risks more precious time for a few verses good enough as poetry, but of little pertinence:

Water divided from the sea
Bathes valley and mountain;
A traveller in the river,
A prisoner in the fountain;
Murmuring ever and moaning
Till it returns to the sea—
To the sea of its birth
Where its moisture arose,
Where from long wanderings
It hopes to repose.

Thereupon "he departs," according to the author's parenthesis for stage direction. Such was Arbace's conventional finale, impressing on the public his previous solemn declaration:

I hope not to find peace till the day
I return to my country and friend.

It pleased the audience at the Court theatre of Vienna mightily; and it

pleased Sir Arthur Helps, quoting it in his "Friends in Council." After other long intervals, historians of our own drama and opera may discover parallel instances in Maeterlinck and Debussy.

To Wagner's devotee of Latin race, text comes as little more than a *Vox Humana* mingling with other instruments of nerve-swaying, soul-compelling harmonies—for he cares little to know the German legend, and the German's philosophy he does not respect. In "Scemo" the composer obviously tries to make the music one living thing with the text. Now, the text, with all its romantic violence, is a poem of literary merit. It is by Charles Méré, who wrote the text for "Les Trois Masques" of Lara—the last piece given by the unlucky Théâtre des Champs-Élysées, which has just been taken over for an American season in Paris. Here again the scene is laid in wildest Corsica, where Prosper Mérimée, the author of "Carmen," also found the loves and hates of his "Colomba."

"Scemo"—the Fool—is the nickname of a half-mad shepherd. Francesca, wife of the village great man and herself daughter of the chief of the clan, loves Scemo because his eyes are so bright—remember we are in the land of the evil eye—and because he sings mysterious songs, and doubtless for reasons of her heart which her reason does not know. The suspicious husband seeks her in the shepherd's hut and finds only Scemo, who calms him. When he is gone, Scemo brings Francesca from her hiding place and begs her with music and passion to go home. No, she will fly with him instead, over the hills and far away. Shepherds discover them and sing loud insults till the husband, who has not gone far away, hears—and that is the first act.

Francesca's father, fearful of spells and devils, tries vainly to sleep amid wind and storm roaring and crashing to music. He dies, and the whole family, with Francesca's injured husband, set out for the hut of Scemo, whose eyes must have wrought the evil. Vainly he protests he has not left his hut; but the evil eye has that action at a distance, which was denied by Sir Isaac Newton. The Corsican crowd gathers as for a Mississippi lynching; and they tie Scemo to a tree to burn him alive. Francesca shall light the avenging fire. They drag her, with torch in hand, before the helpless Scemo. With a mighty effort, he frees an arm and with his own hands tears out the eyes which have done such evil—and this is the second act.

It is Easter Eve, but the husband's house has no answer for the joyful bells. They wake Francesca from her long swoon, and she rises unremembering. All in white, she comes forth to the crowd, where it is singing and danc-

ing. Suddenly, she cries out "Scemo!" The husband cries back in fury that the Fool is dead, burned alive. "Swear," says the wife, "and I kill myself!" The husband, with his Corsican knife in hand, leaps up the hill to the cave in the rocks where Scemo lives in blindness, and he hears the Fool praying for Francesca's healing in body and in heart. How can he kill him? He puts the knife into the hand of Scemo instead, to slay himself, the husband, whose wrongs were else without end. The Fool has the inspiration of a single mind—his living eyes have done the evil, his dead eyes shall undo it. He is led towards unbalanced Francesca, who rushes to meet him—till he turns to her his empty eye-sockets and chants musically that his heart, too, is empty from overmuch love and pain. The spell is loosed, and her love fever dies, leaving naught but great and musical pity. And this is the end of the third act and the piece.

To each circumstance and emotion Bachelet has written harmonies and orchestration, now violent, now full of subtle coloring. There is no secret of modern musical expression which he has not mastered; and for two years he has gone up and down Corsica, listening for local tone, striving to enter into the local soul. If critics did not block the way, it might be curious to know what an untutored Corsican would feel from this lyric drama—

But the Devil whoops, as he whooped of old:

"It's clever, but is it Art?"

Along with these representations of a new composer's work, the Paris Opéra, in virtue of the Russian Alliance, is giving another and broader synthesis of other arts with music. It is introduced by a name before which even critics stand in awe. It is the "Legend of Joseph," here first represented and personally conducted by the composer, Richard Strauss. It is really an opera without words; and it is produced in the "Russian Ballet" season, only because it is acted by those dancers. The composer is a German whom the Paris press persists in mixing up with Vienna and the Danube; the stage scenery is by one of the greatest decorative painters in cathedrals and palaces, Sert, the Catalan Spaniard; and the costumes, which are essentials of such music, are by the not less celebrated Russian decorator, Leo Bakst.

In this high tide of his success, the composer is said to have written "the work waited for and asked for ever since Wagner"; and in it he is supposed "to have found the modern formula of all the arts combined"—excepting the vocal art. The result is "an arabesque of sixty legs and as many arms—gestures adapting themselves to

the subtlest of rhythms and harmonies."

The story, of course, is of the unfortunate Potiphar's wife; but the decorative art for the eye—pantomime and dance, scene painting and costumes—is Venetian of the Renaissance. A little, lithe young Russian, who acted in plays in his own country—Leonid Massine—is the wordless but very active Joseph, and a very pretty one. His first dance—for it is not all acted pantomime, though it is certainly not ballet, Russian or other—is "turn by turn mystic and pastoral." Kousnetzoff, who is a great prima donna in Paris opera, passes through this act without words, gowned and moving to music. Michel Fokine leads all the choreography and had his reward when Richard Strauss rushed down on him at the rehearsal, crying "Kolossal!" S. D.

The list of operas from which the twenty offerings of the Century Opera Company for next season are to be selected include: "Madama Butterfly," "La Bohème," "The Jewels of the Madonna," "I Pagliacci," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Louise," "Thais," "Faust," "The Tales of Hoffmann," "Samson and Delilah," "Romeo and Juliet," "Aida," "Carmen," "Martha," "Hänsel and Gretel," "William Tell," "La Gioconda," "Lucia di Lammermoor," "The Barber of Seville," "Rigoletto," "Lohengrin," "Tannhäuser," "Il Trovatore," and "La Traviata," while the International Ballet will also be reproduced.

The dates for the Bach festival performance at Bethlehem, Pa., are May 29 and 30. Dr. Wolle, who will direct the performances, is a Bach specialist, and his choir is admirably trained. At this festival the second number of the "Mass," the duet "Christ Eleison," for two sopranos, will be sung by all of the first and second sopranos of the choir, eighty in number. The alto solos, "Qui Sedes" and "Agnus Dei," will be sung by all the altos, firsts, and seconds. The "Benedictus," a tenor solo, will be sung by all the tenors. All of the basses will join in giving the two solos, "Quoniam Tu Solus Sanctus" and "Et in Spiritum."

Concerning the performances of "Parsifal" at this summer's Wagner Festival in Munich, we are informed officially that they will be conducted by Bruno Walter. The Grail Cup has been made of alabaster, with precious gems set in by one of the most famous German goldsmiths (Theodor Heiden), and every other scenic detail is being attended to in the same artistic manner. Among the singers engaged are Heinrich Knöte, Fritz Vogelstrom, the young Dresden tenor; Karl Erb, and Otto Wolf. For the rôle of Kundry, Frau Mottl-Fassbender, Berta Morena, and Edith Walker; for that of Gurnemanz, Paul Bender; for the rôle of Amfortas, Fritz Feinhals and Paul Bender; for the Klingsor, Desider Zádor and Fritz Broderson. The leading part of the chorus of the flower girls will be entrusted to the celebrated singer, Hermine Bosetti, the favorite of the Berlin and Munich Court Opera. The stage management will be in the able hands of Prof. Anton Fuchs.

A musical novel of which 200,000 copies have been sold—Ernst von Wolzogen's "Kraftmeyer"—has been issued by B. W. Huebsch in a good English translation, under the name of "Florian Mayr." In this book Liszt is vividly portrayed, together with a number of his pupils and others, who subsequently became famous. A more extended notice of it will appear in our literary pages in due time.

Art

THE SPANISH SCHOOL.

Geschichte der Spanischen Malerei. By August L. Mayer. In two volumes, with 286 Illustrations. Leipzig: Klinkhardt & Biermann.

Until the appearance of Emile Bertaux's work on Spanish art in André Michel's "Histoire de l'Art," no comprehensive and authoritative work on the subject was available. Stirling-Maxwell's "Annals of the Artists of Spain" is a labor of love, but an uncritical compilation which, if not entirely, is at least very largely, based upon Cean Bermudez and Palomino; and Passavant's "Christian Art in Spain" is little else than an appreciation. The work of Paul Lefort, a man of penetrating insight and the first serious critic of the subject, was of much importance when it appeared, but it has become antiquated and incomplete, particularly in regard to the early schools. Within its limitations as a hand-book, Dieulafoy's recent "L'Art en Espagne et en Portugal" contains much important information regarding architecture, but it treats of painting in an entirely superficial manner.

The work of Bertaux constitutes a very able presentation of the subject. In regard to sculpture it is the great, one might say the sole, authority. Concerning painting it is sound throughout, and of the greatest interest for the study of certain schools which are the predilection of the author, the Catalan and Valencian primitive schools, and also the painters of Valencia of the beginning of the sixteenth century, among them the Manchegans Ferrando de Llanos and Ferrando de L'Amedina. The work of Dr. August L. Mayer upon the Spanish school of painting, which has just been published in Leipzig, is the logical outcome of his previous books on Ribeira, Greco, Murillo, the Sevillian school, and of his articles in German and Spanish reviews. It is the work of a specialist who is a broad-minded man, interested in the whole field of art and having the knowledge of it which is necessary to give perspective, detachment, and a sense of the large relations to the appreciation of any particular school. But the work involved much research and could only have been written by one who is thoroughly familiar with that

rich mine of documents, throwing much light upon the different manifestations of the art of painting throughout the Peninsula, which are to be found scattered in books, and particularly in the innumerable small local reviews and periodicals of Spain.

The plan of the work has been to show the development of Spanish art from the tenth century to Goya, and to give a connected exposition of the art and not a series of artists' monographs. It is logically conceived on big lines. For example, unlike Bertaux, who studies the art of Spain from the standpoint of its foreign influences, Dr. Mayer starts by studying the works of art in themselves before pointing out their relations to foreign schools; a method which has the evident advantage of not dividing the schools, while that of Bertaux complicates matters somewhat by dividing them into spheres of influence.

As an introduction the author gives a general explanation of the importance of the Spanish school and of its relations to other European schools, and he shows that its character is based upon the mixture of Northern with Oriental elements, and upon the peculiar, entirely racial, and most powerful, religious feeling. The chapter on the Catalan school of the eleventh and twelfth centuries treats of many works, hitherto little known, which are of the greatest importance because they are the very last evidences of the Byzantine influence in Western Europe. The chapter on that even less known Castilian school of the fifteenth century, of which virtually nothing can be seen in Madrid, brings out several artistic personalities and many typical works scattered in little places difficult of access. The tenebros style of the Spanish school is defined and explained; and its differences from the Italian style, as well as the varied character of its manifestations in the provinces of the Castiles, of Valencia, and of Andalusia are clearly shown. Besides doing important pioneer work on special subjects, throughout the book the author coördinates the scattered existing information.

An excellent feature is the giving of comparatively little place to the few well-known artists upon whom there is an abundance of special literature, and the treating extensively of little-known men whose influence was great, such as the fifteenth-century Catalan Ferrer Bassa, and Jacomart, the master who superadded the Sienese and Giottesque elements of the early Italian Renaissance to the influence of the Flemish primitives, and was the dominant personality of the Valencian school of the fifteenth century. The author brings out clearly the intimate relation of Greco with Parmeggianino and the Bassanos, and explains how such an artist as Velasquez became a Castilian in his

work; why Madrid became more and more the centre of Spanish art, and how it fell under the influence, inspiring at first but soon baneful, of the Venetians, of Rubens, and of Van Dyck.

While scientific and discriminating, the book is not pedantic. Moreover, it has a refreshing human quality. In the chapter on Goya, for example, Dr. Mayer attempts, by a most interesting comparison with Titian and Beethoven, to explain the extraordinary change in an artist who had already passed middle life, from his first, what may be termed his rococo, style to his second, the real Goya style, so original, deeply human, and superbly painter-like. It is to be hoped that a translation will make this useful and much-needed work available to the English-speaking public.

Spanish sculpture of the seventeenth century, despite the labors of Dieulafoy, Calvert, and Lafond, probably finds few admirers in America. It requires a resolute effort of detachment to put oneself into the mood of Jesuitical Romanism and the Inquisition. Yet this art is worthy of study, if only for its completely indigenous character. A young Spanish critic, Ricardo de Orueta y Duarte, in his "La Vida y la Obra de Pedro de Mena y Medrano," offers much to attract both the specialist and the open-minded art lover. Pedro de Mena was born at Granada in 1628, and trained by Alonso Cano. Soon he relinquished the internationalism of Cano in favor of a drastic personal style wholly Andalusian. His most remarkable work is perhaps the forty wooden statues of saints for the choir of the Cathedral of Malaga. Many of the images are portraits of extraordinary intensity, shrewdness, or benignity. In the Virgen de Bélen, in Santo Domingo, Malaga, he achieves almost a Venetian sweetness and dignity. The coloring of his statues is often very pleasing. He continued worthily the haggard St. Francis type. The most remarkable example is in the Cathedral at Toledo. Peculiarly his own is the series of Repentant Magdalens regarding the Crucifix. The ecstatic concentration of the Magdalen in the Convent of the Visitation at Madrid is justly celebrated. Poems were written in her honor. The forms are of great strength, delicacy, and beauty.

These are perhaps the types that will most impress an art lover. For the rest there is much that is shocking to modern taste. Doll-like virgins to be dressed in real frocks, Dolorous Mother with real tears eternally caught on wan cheeks, sentimental martyrs. These are the unquestionable defects of an art that had great qualities of sincerity. It is all of a piece with the simplicity of Pedro's life. He owned no books, his four children became conventuals. He believed firmly, observed the humanity about him, and worked with a masterful hand. The refreshing thing about an art that has its elements of pietistic overstrain is its native idiom. Pedro with many of his fellow sculptors was free from the rather superficial cosmopolitanism of the ba-

roque style. The fervor and veracity of his matter give it perfect authenticity if not high importance. Dr. Orueta has conducted his work with scholarly thoroughness. There are a general essay, a catalogue raisonné with excellent critical comments, and appendices of all accessible documents. The book is in quarto form with many illustrations, many from the author's negatives. It is published at Madrid by the Junta para Ampliación de estudios é investigaciones científicas. This careful work affords a favorable approach to an art just beginning to be duly appreciated, and gives an excellent impression of the thoroughness with which the art of Spain is being studied by her younger scholars.

Finance

MR. MORGAN, MR. MELLER, AND THE NEW HAVEN.

The salient disclosures made by Mr. Mellen, in his testimony on the New Haven's past financing, were these: 8,000 shares of New Haven stock, worth \$1,200,000, were exchanged for 24,000 shares of the Westchester Electric Road, worth in his judgment "about ten cents a pound." Under the auspices of the late Mr. J. P. Morgan, \$11,000,000 was paid for the whole Westchester property, on which Mellen figured only \$5,000,000 had been spent by its promoters; no accounting being made, and information as to why that price was paid being refused, according to Mellen, by Mr. Morgan when such information was requested. Up to date, \$35,000,000 of New Haven's money had been put into the property, which has since been operated at an annual deficit of a million and a quarter. Through the medium of Senator Aldrich, the New Haven paid \$20,000,000 for the Rhode Island trolley system, which Mellen estimated to be worth \$8,000,000.

It is only natural that, in Wall Street and in the country at large, the statements regarding Mr. Morgan should have made a profound impression. This was not by any means because of their implication as to the rashness of policy and high-handed use of company capital and credit by the leaders in high finance of a decade or more ago. That story has been told too often, in and out of the courts, to cause any new surprise or consternation. But there were two peculiar aspects of Mr. Mellen's testimony.

One of these was, that he represented Mr. Morgan's dictatorship in such a manner, and with such particulars, as to instill inevitably, in the minds of many people, the belief that Mr. Morgan actually diverted the New Haven's money to his personal uses. The other was that Mellen adroitly used this version of the case to represent himself as an innocent and injured per-

son, whereas every one in touch with the past ten years of the New Haven's history had been convinced, long ago, that Mellen avowedly promoted the policy of reckless expansion which crippled the enterprise, and that his personal dealings with the people, the courts, and the Legislatures of New England were of a nature to mark him out as the mischief-maker.

It is quite true that, even if all this were to be proved, it would not clear up the record of Mr. Morgan's financial relations with the New Haven. But the fact that Mellen's story was so carefully framed to exonerate the man who told it, ought to leave the entire community anxious to have the version of the same events told by some one else who knew what actually happened. The general result of his testimony was to present a picture which might easily appear to show concerted and deliberate plundering of the property by other people, while Mellen, as its president, looked on with mild disapproval, shook his head when he heard of the misuse of the corporation's money, and sometimes went so far as to ask the reason for it.

Perhaps there is nothing to be added to this picture; but it must be described as somehow giving a sense of incompleteness. It is quite impossible to gather what Mr. Mellen really thought of the whole performance. So far as his testimony threw any light on how the New Haven's money had been wasted and its credit shaken, he was careful to place the full burden of blame on Mr. Morgan. Yet even here, his conclusions do not hang together. Having explained with great circumstantiality and detail how some fifty millions was, in his judgment as president of the road, entirely thrown away under Mr. Morgan's auspices, Mr. Mellen rounded up his testimony by declaring that he entertained the highest respect for Mr. Morgan's judgment, that the troubles of the company were due to Mr. Morgan's death, and that had he lived and continued to control its policy, the New Haven would still be paying dividends.

But this is manifestly nonsense. Either Mr. Mellen's testimony as to facts, or his inference from the facts, is unworthy of respect; for the two are wholly incompatible. If it meant that, had Mr. Morgan lived, the New Haven presidency would have remained in Mellen's hands, and that Mellen, in the presidency, would have gone on paying dividends, that at least would have been intelligible. During the last six years in which the company paid dividends, the annual reports confessed some \$10,000,000 deficit, and the expert accountant who examined its books for the Interstate Commission held that, in all, \$60,000,000 unearned dividends had been paid. Undoubtedly Mellen, with a long-

er term, might have continued to increase that deficit.

This, however, would scarcely have solved the New Haven's problem. Nor would the funding into long-term bonds of what Mr. Mellen calls the New Haven's \$375,000,000 floating debt have helped, if the policy of reckless extravagance in capital expenditure, which was undeniably the characteristic of his whole régime, had been continued. His blunders in managing the company were certainly not all instigated by Wall Street banking influences, and they were not atoned for by his acceptance of a criminal indictment, with magnanimous motives which he himself is careful to point out. What is most evident, at this juncture in the inquiry, is that the whole story of the wrecking of the New Haven property has not yet been told. That it was a shameful story, Mellen's testimony would have proved, if it had not been known before. But the story will not be complete until the clear light has been turned on all the guilty parties—including executive officers who misused their trust.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

FICTION.

- Bennett, A. *The Price of Love*. Harper. \$1.35 net.
 Comfort, W. L. *Midstream*. Doran.
Forum Stories. Ed. by C. Vale. Kennerley. \$1.50 net.
 Harris, E. *Great Days*. Kennerley. \$1.35 net.
 Jepson, E. *The Intervening Lady*. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. \$1.25 net.
 Lynn, M. *A Stepdaughter of the Prairie*. Macmillan. \$1.25 net.
 Macgill, P. *Children of the Dead End*. Dutton. \$1.35 net.
 Roberts, H. C. *A Free Hand*. Dutton. \$1.35 net.
 Talbot, L. A. *Jehane of the Forest*. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
The World's Classics: Selected Short Stories. Oxford University Press. 1s. net.
 Van de Water, V. T. *The Two Sisters*. H. I. L. Co. \$1.25 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

- Essays and Studies Presented to William Ridgeway*. Edited by E. C. Quiggin. Putnam. \$8.
 Ferrero, G. *Ancient Rome and Modern America*. Putnam. \$2.50 net.
 Fueter, E. *Histoire de l'Historiographie Moderne*. Paris: Felix Alcan. 18 francs.
 Lawton, E. A. *History of the Soldiers' Home in Washington*. Putnam.
 Lynch, J. R. *The Facts of Reconstruction*. Neale. \$1.50 net.
 Riley, F. *Publications of the Mississippi Historical Society*. Vol. XIV. University, Miss.
 Stirling, Mrs. A. M. W. *Macdonald of the Isles*. Lane. \$4 net.
 Wylie, J. H. *The Reign of Henry V*. Vol. I. Putnam. \$9.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

- Bizzell, W. B. *Judicial Interpretation of Political Theory*. Putnam. \$1.50 net.
 Brandeis, L. D. *Business—A Profession*. Boston: Small, Maynard. \$2 net.
 Nixon, L. *The Canal Tolls and American Shipping*. McBride, Nast. \$1.25 net.
 Seebohm, F. *Customary Acres and Their Historical Importance*. Longmans. \$4 net.

Trimble, W. J. The Mining Advance Into the Inland Empire. Madison: University of Wisconsin.
Whitehouse, J. H. Essays on Political and Social Questions. Putnam. \$1.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Benson, A. C. Where No Fear Was. Putnam. \$1.50 net.
Nunn, H. P. V. The Elements of New Testament Greek. Second Edition. Putnam. \$1.
White, Douglas. Forgiveness and Suffering. Putnam. \$1.

POETRY.

Dargan, P. Ex Barbaria. Author.
Haworth, E. P. Sunshine and Roses. Kansas City: Rockhill Art Publishers. \$1.25.
Martin, F. R. Poems and Translations. Boston: Sherman French. \$1.50 net.
West, J. H. Poems of Human Progress. Boston: Tufts College Press. \$1.50 net.

TRAVEL.

Adams, F. U. Conquest of the Tropics. Doubleday, Page. \$2 net.
Blunt, R. In Cheyne Walk and Thereabout. Philadelphia: Lippincott. \$3 net.
Maspero, G. Ruines et Paysages d'Egypte. Paris: Guilmoto. 7 fr. 50.

Osgood, I. Where Pharaoh Dreams. Philadelphia: Lippincott. \$1.75 net.
Shackleton, E. H. The Heart of the Antarctic. Philadelphia: Lippincott. \$1.50 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Anderson, J. M. Social Dancing of Today. Stokes. \$1 net.
Boyer, C. V. The Villain as Hero in Elizabethan Tragedy. Dutton. \$2 net.
Edmund, P., and Williams, H. W. Toasters' Handbook. White Plains: Wilson. \$1.25.
Johnston, H. Phonetic Spelling. Putnam. \$1.10.
Key, Ellen. The Renaissance of Motherhood. Putnam. \$1.25 net.
Laanb, C. Last Essays of Elia. Essays of Elia. Putnam. \$1.60.
Verrall, A. W. Lectures on Dryden. Putnam. \$2.50.
Westaway, F. W. Latin Accent and Quantity. Putnam. 75 cents.

SCIENCE.

Capstick, J. W. Sound. Putnam. \$1.40.
Carpenter, E. Intermediate Types Among Primitive Folk. Kennerley. \$2 net.
Galileo Galilei. Dialogue Concerning the Two Sciences. Trans. by H. Crew and A. de Salvo. Macmillan. \$2 net.
Graham-Smith, G. S. Flies and Disease. Putnam. \$3.50.

Williams, H. S. Adding Years to Our Life. H. I. L. Co. \$1 net.

ART.

Bell, C. F. Drawings by the Old Masters in the Library of Christ Church. Oxford University Press. 2s. 6d. net.
Clapp, F. M. Les Desseins de Pontormo. Catalogue raisonné. Paris: Champion.
Van Dyke, J. C. New Guides to Old Masters. Munich, Frankfurt, Cassel, Berlin, Dresden. Scribner. \$1 net.
Ward, J. History and Methods of Ancient and Modern Painting. Dutton. \$2.50 net. Colour Decoration of Architecture. Dutton. \$3.50 net.

TEXTBOOKS.

Ashman, M. Modern Prose and Poetry for Secondary Schools. Houghton Mifflin. 85 cents.
Lubbock, P. English Prose. Parts I and II. Putnam. 90 cents.
Merrill's English Texts: "Cranford," by Mrs. Gaskell. Merrill. 40 cents.
Riverside Literature Series: Selected Idyls of the King. Houghton Mifflin. 25 cents.

DRAMA.

Goldman, E. The Social Significance of Modern Drama. Boston: Badger. \$1 net.
Shipman, L. E. The True Adventures of a Play. Kennerley. \$1.50 net.

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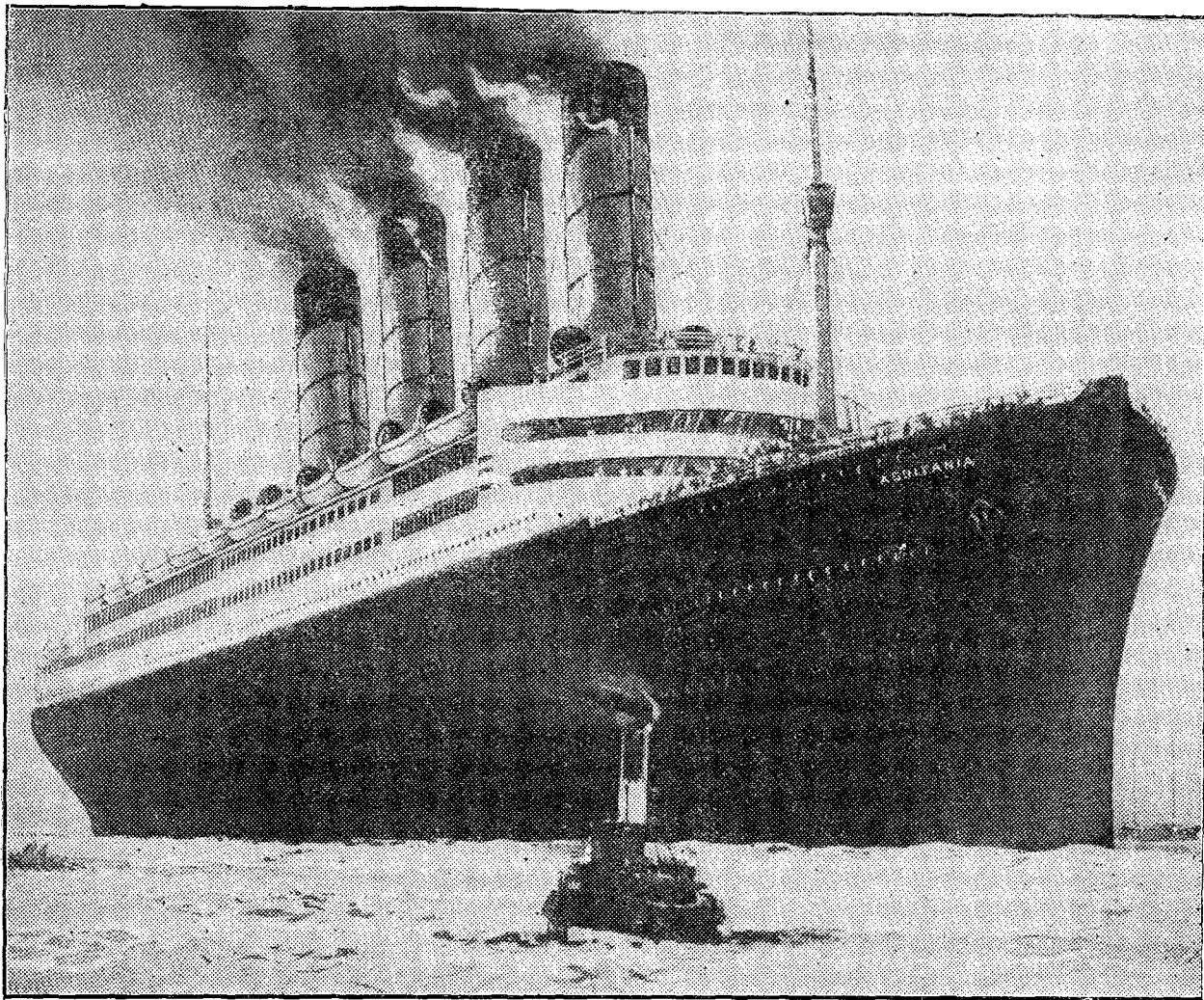
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